

# OKLAHOMA OUTLAWS

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OUTLAWS



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# Oklahoma Outlaws

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A Graphic History of the Early Days in  
Oklahoma; the Bandits who Terrorized  
the First Settlers and the Marshals  
who Fought them to Extinc-  
tion; Covering a Period of  
Twenty-five Years.

By RICHARD S. GRAVES

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*The characters represented in this book are principally confined to those as portrayed in Oklahoma's historic photo-drama "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws," now being presented throughout the entire United States.*





E. D. NIX,  
Ex-United States Marshal.

## MARSHAL E. D. NIX.

Back of the field marshals who were sent after the outlaws of the Southwest was a man with an iron will and a determination that was unalterable. When he became United States marshal he knew he was facing bandits as desperate as the James and Younger brothers. He knew the country was full of bad men, and that they must be driven out, killed or placed behind prison bars.

That was the condition of affairs when E. D. Nix was appointed United States marshal and took charge of the office at Guthrie in May, 1893. At that time there was no safety for life or property outside of the larger towns, and the reign of the outlaws had lasted for years.

Marshal Nix was only 32 years old at the time of his appointment. He was born in Calloway county, Ky., in September, 1861, and for years was a traveling man out of Paducah, Ky. He went to Guthrie in 1889 and established the first wholesale grocery house there under the firm name of Nix & Halsell. His former partner, O. D. Halsell, is now one of Oklahoma's most prominent business men.

Somebody was needed to rid the territory of the outlaws, for they were giving the Southwest a reputation that was undeserved. The people had come to the new country from every state and they were for the most part law abiding and peaceable. They deplored the fact that the bandits were proving such a factor in the new land, and asked the government for a man who would drive them out.

The man who was to direct this work was a business man, quiet and unassuming, but with a mind that was active and well balanced. He applied business principles to the work given him by the government. He realized that he had undertaken a task that was difficult in the extreme, but he faced the emergency with the same steady determination that he would have looked upon any other difficult business proposition.

Marshal Nix was the general in the long campaign that followed, and made it known to every field deputy that it meant a fight to the death. "You are going after desperate men," he said to the field marshals, "but you must get them."

Then the young marshal went about the work of selecting for field marshals the men who knew frontier life. He considered that men who knew as much of warfare in the open, were the right men to fight the bandits on their own ground and by their own methods. Among the most prominent of his field marshals were William Tilghman, Chris Madsen and Heck Thomas, who became known as the "Three Guardsmen"; John Hixon, W. M. Nix, Ed Kelley, W. A. Ramsey, William Banks, Steve Burke, John M. Hale, Frank Canton, George Stormer, Frank Lake, Joe Severn, Frank Hindman and a score of others, who served under the young marshal directing the campaign. Field Marshals Tom Houston, Lafe Shadley and Dick Speed lost their lives in the fight at Ingalls in September, 1893, but this did not stop the others who had been sent on the trail of the bandits.

The fight against the outlaws lasted for years, but during all that time the field marshals kept after them. They worked under the direction of Marshal Nix, who developed from an active young business man into a general conducting a border warfare. He knew men and was a good judge of human nature. When he became marshal he studied the situation in the Southwest and determined to overcome the difficulties.

Marshal Nix had the faculty of selecting the right men for the work placed in his hands, as evidenced by the large number of his deputies who have since become prominent business men. Among them was John M. Hale, his chief office deputy, who is now a prominent banker in Oklahoma City. Others have taken high places in the business world.

Frequently the young marshal impressed upon his men in the field the danger of their quest when they went in search of bandits. More frequently he impressed upon them the fact that they must not fail. Under his direction, gang after gang was broken up, and one by one the leaders of the outlaws fell; but when one was killed another took his place. When nearly all the members of an outlaw gang had been put out of the fight, those remaining organized another gang, and the robberies continued. The hunt was a long and hard one, but the young marshal won, and at the close of his tenure of office he had cleared the Territory of its notorious outlaws. It may be said of him that he deserves all the praise that has been given him as the man who was most instrumental in ridding the Southwest of its bandits.

In these later years Mr. Nix has become a well known business man in St. Louis, his interests extending through many states. He has built up many enterprises, but never has he done a more worthy deed than when he organized the force of frontiersmen and gave to his men the encouragement that resulted in ridding Oklahoma of its outlaws.



## GREETING THE READER.

This is a faithful and historic narrative of the events that took place in Oklahoma when the Southwest was terrorized by outlaws. It tells of desperate criminals and the officers who hunted them down. The supremacy of law and order is the great principle laid down in this book and its main purpose is to teach a lesson to those into whose hands it may fall—the undisputed theory that criminal life is sordid and miserable and that eventually the law will prevail. The main purpose of this book is to impress upon the youth who may read it the fact that crime is the worst and poorest paid occupation in which he could engage and that in the end it means death or a prison cell.

Oklahoma and Indian Territories were the last of the frontier and it was here that the bad men of the nation congregated before the country was opened to settlement. They were reckless and desperate, apostles of criminal liberty, ready at all times to commit any crime on the calendar. They were horse thieves, cattle rustlers and train robbers, and their operations made the Southwest notorious throughout the country.

These bad men of the Southwest created a reign of terror which did not end when the country was opened to settlement in 1889. When that event took place the Territories swarmed with those who had come to make their homes in the new country. The big ranches were soon divided into farms and the cowboys, once a numerous class, found themselves without occupations. Some of them took

claims and became farmers, others drifted into different lines of business, but some of those among the rougher element became outlaws.

It is mainly of these bandits that these pages tell. The outlaws overran the Territories in brazen defiance of the law, reckless in their crimes and rendering the life of the peaceful citizen uncertain and his property insecure.

The United States government, representing law and order, set men to the task of hunting down these criminals, and for that work those who were experienced hunters of men were selected. This book tells of the field marshals who went out after the outlaws, of their conflicts, their long rides and lonely vigils, the dangers they encountered, and their ultimate victory. Historical facts are recounted in this volume, beginning with the first organized gang of outlaws and leading on through the years until the last one was placed behind prison bars. On the part of the officers it tells of splendid moral and personal courage in a western atmosphere that is true to life.

Some details are given of relentless pursuits, of fights and duels in which Winchesters and six-shooters were used, of bank and train robberies, and it depicts some actual scenes that are thrilling, but there is nowhere any effort made to eulogize the outlaw or set him up as an example for the youth of the land to follow. There is a moral lesson in this volume for all those who read it, which is its chief ambition.

In a way it is a grim story, but it could not be made otherwise if the facts were to be told, for the

average life of the outlaw was of short duration. In no single instance was the bandit of the Southwest a character to be admired. He was in reality a criminal of a low type, preying upon others and ready at any time to murder those who opposed him. It would be impossible to glorify crime or the criminal and tell the truth. It may be done in fiction, but the events detailed in this volume are based on historic facts.

Here is depicted the hideousness of outlaw life, and along with it, woven into the narrative with a close adherence to facts, details of the lives of those coldly brave men, the field marshals who brought the bandits to justice. Here the tragedy of crime is stripped of its glamour and the outlaw is shown to be without the gallantry and dashing courage credited to him by the cheap novelist and writer of exaggerated heroics. The moral lesson is that the evil-doer dies and that right will prevail.

Today the Southwest is free from outlaw terrors, the people are peaceful and happy in their pursuits and the rugged days depicted here have passed into history.

### **WILLIAM TILGHMAN.**

"The man who drove the outlaws out of Oklahoma" is the title that has been given to William Tilghman, scout, plainsman, United States marshal, state senator, sheriff, peace officer, chief of police of Oklahoma City and gunman on the side of the law. He has been an Indian fighter, buffalo hunter and was always a frontiersman as long as there was a frontier. During the greater



WILLIAM TILGHMAN.

THE NEW YORKER  
JAN 10, 1890

part of his lifetime he has been a peace officer and it was through his efforts as much as those of any other man that the outlaws of the Southwest were wiped out.

William Tilghman was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1854 and his parents removed to Kansas in 1856. When he was 16 years old he left home and went to southwest Kansas, which was then the frontier. Wichita was then a trading post, with only a dozen houses there. Tilghman became a citizen of that country in 1870 and for several years hunted buffalo and fought the Indians. He was a government scout during the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian war in 1874 and fought through the campaign of 1878 when Dull Knife and his followers left the reservation at Fort Sill and plundered the frontiers of Kansas and Nebraska. Tilghman's home and all his possessions were burned by the marauders.

Tilghman was at Dodge City when the town was first surveyed and saw it grow into the wildest of all the western towns. He was marshal of Dodge City for three years in its wildest days and established there a reputation for fearlessness that has remained with him all his life. He was under sheriff of Ford county four years and during that time captured some of the bad men of the Southwest.

When Oklahoma was opened in 1889, Tilghman came in with the other settlers and has since been a resident. He was the first city marshal of Perry, a town that tried to rival Dodge City for a short time in the number of bad men gathered in one place.

Still later Tilghman became a deputy under United States Marshal E. D. Nix, the place being offered to him because the Territory was at that time overrun with outlaws and Tilghman was looked upon as the one man who could do much to drive them out. He was an experienced fighter and a trained frontiersman and went after the bandits in a way that soon reduced their ranks.

The most daring act credited to Tilghman was the capture of Bill Doolin at Eureka Springs, after the outlaw had said that he would never be taken alive. Tilghman could much more easily have killed the noted bandit, but he knew Doolin had saved his life once and he would not kill the robber on that account, although it would have required only the gentle pressure of a finger on the trigger of his six-shooter.

It is said of Tilghman that he never in his life shot a man unless it was absolutely necessary. He was an active officer for years, but there was never in his heart the desire to take human life. He took the trail of the outlaws and followed them into their hiding places, more than once being within range of their Winchesters and escaping almost miraculously. But he was relentless in the task that had been given him and did not retire from the field until all the outlaws were killed or behind prison bars.

By choice Tilghman is a farmer and horseman, so quiet and unassuming that he would not be given credit among those who do not know him for having such a distinguished career. Had he chosen to exploit himself he might have been one of the most

widely known men in the country, but his modesty always kept him in the background. He was made chief of police of Oklahoma City at a time when the services of an active man were needed and as late as 1915, after the robbery of a bank at Stroud, Oklahoma, by Henry Starr and his gang, Tilghman was called upon to capture the robbers who had escaped. He had little time to give to it from his business, but within a few days three of the robbers were captured under the plans laid by him. At the time this is written Mr. Tilghman is a resident of Oklahoma City, where he is widely known. In fact he is one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of the state. Frequently he is pointed out to strangers.

"That quiet man sitting there," the stranger is told, "is Bill Tilghman, the deadliest shot with a six-shooter in the southwest. He will talk about race horses or politics, but it is almost impossible to get a word out of him about himself."

### **DEPUTY MARSHAL MADSEN.**

Chris Madsen has seen more years of service than any other man among the field marshals and those who gave years of their lives to drive the outlaws from the Southwest. Madsen is in a way a cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world, and has a long record as a soldier, scout, marshal and peace officer. He is a native of Denmark and was a soldier in the Danish army. Later he served under Louis Napoleon in the Franco-Prussian war and was a member of the famous legion that was sent to Algiers. He came to the United States in 1870.



CHRIS MADSEN,  
Ex-United States Marshal.

THE OREGONIAN  
OCTOBER 1911



Madsen was in the United States army from 1875 to 1890, and was quartermaster sergeant of the Fifth cavalry. He had charge of the Indian scouts in Wyoming and Indian Territory at various times. He participated in the Indian campaigns in Arizona in 1875, the Sioux and Cheyenne wars in Wyoming, Nebraska, Dakota and Montana in 1876 and the two years following. In 1877 he was in the campaign against the Nez Percés in Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana. The following year was also one of Indian fighting and he was with the army as scout and soldier in the trouble with the Southern Cheyennes in Wyoming, Nebraska and Dakota. The uprising of the Bannocks in Wyoming and the Utes in Colorado in 1878 and 1879 was the last of the Indian fighting.

Chris Madsen was President Arthur's guide from Fort Washaki, Wyoming, to the Yellowstone Park when the president made the trip in 1883. He was quartermaster sergeant in the field in 1885, 1886 and 1887 in Indian Territory and Oklahoma. In 1889 he settled on a homestead near El Reno, Oklahoma, and built a home there. He was not destined to be a farmer, however, and from 1890 to 1892 he was deputy marshal and chief deputy for United States Marshal William Grimes. He went to Marshal Crump at Fort Smith as deputy in 1892 and remained there until 1896, at the same time holding a commission as deputy under Marshal Williams of Paris, Tex., but working principally for Marshal Nix of Oklahoma, having charge of the western division. He was deputy for U. S.

Marshals Joe Selby and Crenshaw of the western district of Missouri during 1897 and 1898.

Returning to the Indian Territory Madsen served as deputy under Marshal Hammer, from 1898 to 1902 in the southern district, then under Marshal Colbert in the same district from 1902 to 1906. He remained as chief deputy for Marshal Abernathy from 1906 to 1910 and was appointed marshal of Oklahoma to succeed Abernathy until the office was filled by the appointment made by President Taft. He was chief deputy for Marshal Cade from 1911 to 1913 and at this date (1915) is chief deputy for Marshal Newell.

As a field marshal Madsen has made many captures of bad men in the Southwest. It was his posse that killed Tulsa Jack after the Dover train robbery, when the outlaws were overtaken. Madsen captured Simpson, a Territory outlaw who had killed two deputies in the middle district of Oklahoma. He also captured George Moran, the bad man who had killed Beemblossom's boy in 1901, near Robber's Roost in the Comanche country.

John and Jim Black and John Murphy had held up and robbed a train at Logan, N. M., and Madsen went out in search of them. He located them on the Garrison place in the Indian Territory, where they were employed temporarily. Garrison did not know they were outlaws and Madsen did not tell him when he went there and asked about the men. Two of the outlaws were picking cotton and had their six-shooters concealed in the sacks.

Garrison introduced Madsen to the two picking cotton and they began to fumble in the sacks for

their weapons. Madsen told them to throw up their hands and they saw he had the drop on them. The other outlaw was husking corn behind a wagon several hundred feet away and he was captured in the same manner.

Lute Houston was working for Madsen and giving him information about the Casey gang, being on familiar terms with its members. He was hanged by Casey and his companions and they sent Madsen a letter telling him where the body could be found. Three days later the outlaws were killed near Cleo, Oklahoma.

Madsen was in the field with the other marshals who went on the trail of the outlaws and finally killed or captured them or drove them from the country. He earned his title as one of the Three Guardsmen and will be long remembered as a fighter who never showed the white feather.

### **HECK THOMAS.**

Deputy United States Marshal Heck Thomas. Nobody ever thought of him by any other title, or perhaps by the title of Marshal Thomas. He was a Georgian by birth, having been born at Atlanta June 5, 1850. He went into the Confederate army at the age of twelve and was a courier in the Thomas division of the Stonewall Jackson brigade.

After the war Thomas became an express messenger and when the train on which he ran was held up by the Sam Bass gang of outlaws between Galveston and Denison, he saved \$22,000 of the company's money by hiding it in a stove and giving the robbers a bundle of worthless paper in its place.



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CAPT. HECK THOMAS.

When Thomas was first appointed a marshal he worked out of the Fort Smith district under Judge Parker, who presided over the largest criminal court in the world. Judge Parker passed the death sentence on more than eighty criminals and Heck Thomas presented his share and more of the bad men who were taken before that bar of justice.

On one train he and Tilghman took forty-one prisoners to court at Fort Smith and nine of them were by order of Judge Parker given the death sentence after trial. Thomas helped to break up the Sam Bass gang in Texas and the Dalton, Doolin and Bert Casey gangs in Oklahoma and Indian Territories. He was one of the fearless men in the service of the government in the early days of the Territories and amply earned his right to be known as one of the Three Guardsmen. For fifteen years he was known as one of the Three Guardsmen, the other two being Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen. This title was given to them because of their work in ridding the Territories of desperadoes.

Heck Thomas twice distinguished himself as few officers have been able to do. On May 1, 1885, after the Lee brothers had shot to death Jim Guy, Andy and Jim Roff and Andy Kuykendall, Thomas took up their trail and in September located them in a hay field on a Texas ranch. He wounded Pink Lee and getting behind a haycock got the drop on the other brother and captured them both. Governor John Ireland of Texas said it was the bravest work any officer had ever done and the state law was manipulated in such a way that Thomas was

paid a reward of \$5,000.00 for this single handed capture.

It was at the hands of Heck Thomas that Bill Doolin finally met death, and really it was a duel in which Doolin had as much chance as the marshal himself. Doolin had been captured by Bill Tilghman at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and had escaped from the jail at Guthrie, liberating all the other prisoners at the same time. The Three Guardsmen were on his trail, but they were not together. Thomas located him at the home of his wife's father in Payne county near Lawson and waited for him the night Doolin was preparing to leave the country with his wife and baby.

Thomas was concealed by the roadside when the outlaw led his horse down the moonlit way and might have shot Doolin from ambush, but he scorned to take such an advantage. He walked out into the road, stood upright fifty feet in front of the outlaw and called to him to put up his hands. Doolin shot at him and when Thomas fired the bandit fell dead.

"He was leading his horse by the tip ends of the bridle reins," Heck Thomas said of the killing of Doolin afterwards, "and carrying his Winchester in both hands, well out in front of him. He was walking slow and it was bright moonlight. He was looking to the right and left as he walked along.

"Just then I stepped out and called to him to put up his hands. He shot at me and the bullet passed very close. The shotgun I had was too long in the breach and I could not get it to working

quickly, so he got another shot with his Winchester. Then he dropped his Winchester and jerked his six-shooter from his belt. Some of the boys thought he shot twice with it. Just then I got the shotgun to work and the fight was over."

Thomas was elected the first chief of police of Lawton, but later went again into the United States marshal's office. He died at Lawton August 15, 1912, and sleeps today in the cemetery there, his name honored and leaving behind him a reputation for being a fearless fighter, but withal a gentleman.

### **FIELD MARSHAL LEDBETTER.**

Bud Ledbetter came to Oklahoma from Arkansas and located at Vinita in 1893, where he was in a short time elected city marshal. He developed at once into a good officer and showed such unmistakable signs of ability in that line that he was soon thereafter appointed a deputy United States marshal.

Whenever the outlaws went into the eastern district, where Ledbetter operated, the active officer made the hunt for them as warm as it could be made. At the head of a posse he was a dangerous man on the trail of bandits. Ledbetter engaged in many encounters and in all of them showed unmistakable bravery.

It was Ledbetter who captured the members of the Jennings-O'Malley gang a few weeks after the robbery of the Rock Island train near Chickasha. He planned the capture of the gang in a way that left the bandits no chance of escape and demon-



BUD LEDBETTER.

JOHN NEUBERGER  
BIRMINGHAM



strated that the end of the outlaw's reign in the Southwest was very near to a close.

He has held the office practically all the time since his first appointment, leaving it at times to engage in other pursuits. He was elected chief of police at Muskogee and filled that place in a most creditable manner. Later he was elected sheriff of the county and carried on the duties of that office with fully as much credit to himself.

No man in the state stands higher than Ledbetter as a citizen, and as a peace officer he ranks as high as the best. During the days of the bandits he was known as one of the most relentless of all those who went on their trail. When he started after the Jennings-O'Malley gang he kept the trail hot until it ended in capture. It was due to his efforts that the career of this gang was cut so short.

### **DEPUTY MARSHAL STEVE BURKE.**

One of the striking characters among the officers in early days in Oklahoma was Steve Burke, who was appointed deputy United States marshal in 1893 and succeeded W. M. Nix as managing deputy of the fourth district of Oklahoma in 1895, the district presided over by United States District Judge A. G. C. Bierer.

Burke at that time was young, wild, daring and somewhat reckless, but there was in his make-up all the elements of a strong character. He was always loyal and true and after he had known him a short time Marshal Nix came to regard him as one of the most trustworthy men on his staff. Burke had many thrilling experiences in the dis-



REV. J. S. BURKE.

THE NEW YORK  
FIRM

charge of his duties, escaping death at the hands of the outlaws on several occasions by only a hairs-breadth.

Only one adventure of this officer is referred to in this narrative—the capture of the girl bandits, in which he took part—but he had many other experiences and at all times proved himself to be a daring and efficient officer.

Deputy Marshal Burke had the faculty of keeping perfect order in the court room when the United States court was in session. He detected instantly any movement that might create a noise or a slight disturbance and checked it with a glance or the raising of his hand. On one occasion he ejected from the court room two of the most prominent lawyers in the state because they failed to observe the court's injunction to keep quiet.

Although he was young and had not the experience in the field that some of the older men had, when there was occasion for it he demonstrated that he had as much daring bravery and was willing to take as many risks as any of them.

Burke was born in Texas and came to the Oklahoma Territory when a very young man. He was still a young man when Marshal Nix appointed him as a deputy, but he proved his worth, and until Marshal Nix's term of office expired he held the position.

Soon after leaving office Burke professed religion, and religious work soon became the guiding motive of his life. The former deputy became an evangelist, and, possessed of a good education and unusually equipped by his varied experience, his

ability and energy rapidly put him forward. He entered into his new work with the same determination that had marked every other pursuit he had followed. Thousands have been converted through his influence, and he now ranks highly among the leading evangelists of the country.

From an armed officer, hunting down outlaws, to the work of an evangelist, saving the souls of men, seems a strange career, but it is not so strange to the man who started in life with the deep conviction that the right must prevail. From his youth up, this man had within him a strong sense of justice. He believed that men should obey the law of their country, and that they would if they could be made to see it in the right light. He always had a firm belief that man should obey the divine law, and that they would also follow its teachings if presented to them in the right way.

His subsequent years of success as an evangelist have proven to him that his early conviction was right—that men are not really bad at heart, and that the strongest power in the world is the Word of the Master.

### ARKANSAS TOM.

Tom Jones, alias "Arkansas Tom," is the last remaining survivor of the famous Doolin gang of bandits. He is a native of Arkansas and came to Oklahoma Territory in his youth, being employed on a ranch in the Cheyenne country as a cowboy. He was acquainted with many of those who later went into the Doolin gang, and through his association with them he was drawn into the outlaw life.



TOM JONES, Alias "ARKANSAS TOM,"  
Only living member of the Doolin Gang.

THE NEWSPAPER  
PICTURE

Arkansas Tom was the man who cared for Bill Doolin, the famous leader of the gang, when he returned wounded to the Territory after a raid in Kansas. They went to a ranch in the Cheyenne country where Arkansas Tom had once been employed, and there the leader of the gang was concealed until he was again able to travel. Then he was taken to Ingalls, where Arkansas Tom was ill in the hotel on the day of the famous fight there.

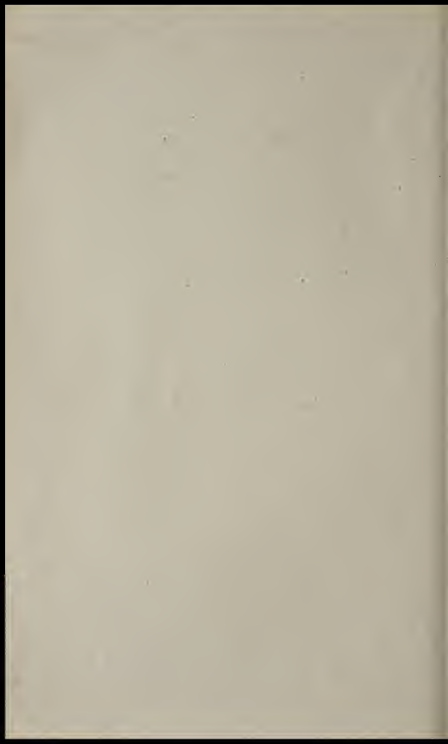
In that fight Arkansas Tom took a prominent part, but was finally captured after the depletion of his supply of ammunition. He was tried and convicted of manslaughter, and was sent to the Lansing prison to serve a term of fifty years. After he had served seventeen years, four months and twenty-two days a pardon was secured for him because of good behavior. Upon being released he returned to Oklahoma, and has since lived in the scene of his former outlawry the life of a good and reputable citizen.

At the Ingalls fight Marshal Nix directed the men who hunted down the Doolin gang and captured Arkansas Tom. Time has brought about many changes, but none more strange than the fact that today the former bandit is now the regular employee of the former marshal.

When Mr. Nix learned of the former outlaw's sincere efforts to establish himself he knew that imprisonment had accomplished the work for which it is designed, and had brought its punishment of retribution. The former officer's heart went out in sympathy to the man he had hunted down in former days, and he arranged for a meeting with him.

When the two men met they silently clasped hands and looking into one another's eyes solemnly pledged friendship. The one, rich in the world's estimate of riches, offered to the other, poor and anxious for a helping hand, the opportunity he needed to again become a man among men.

In the historical picture, "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws," Arkansas Tom performed again, before a moving picture camera, the part he had played in 1893 as the youngest member of the Doolin gang in the noted fight at Ingalls, Okla.





# Oklahoma Outlaws

Herein is recorded a brief history of some of the things that transpired in the Southwest, beginning in the early days, before civilization had come to make of the two territories the grand and noble state of Oklahoma. These chapters tell of a period when many changes were being made—when the old order was forced to give way to the new and the farm took the place of the grazing herd. This book tells in the beginning of a time soon after the prairie schooner had come into the land that is now Oklahoma. The country was opened for settlement on April 22, 1889, and men, women and children from all over this broad land had come to make their homes therein.

They staked their claims the day of the famous run and the next day took the plow from the back of the wagon, put up a tent or made a dugout and they were at home. Very soon the plow began to turn the sod that for centuries had felt only the hoof of the buffalo and the Indian pony, and still later had become the grazing ground of countless herds of cattle. It was a country wild, beautiful and untamed. For years it had been the abiding place of cattlemen and the cowboy had all the freedom his soul could desire. He had not expected to see the land taken from him. He loved the wild, free life of the boundless prairie and when the settlers came

it was a shock to the cowboy to realize that his occupation was gone forever.

Gradually the big herds disappeared, some of them going to Arizona and others to the fenced grazing lands in other parts of the Territory. Some of the cowboys went with the migrating herds and others drifted away into unknown places, still seeking a frontier—a frontier that was nowhere to be found. Some took claims and became farmers, and they are all over Oklahoma now, good citizens living in their pleasant homes, rich in cattle and land and the fruits of their labor. Some became merchants and bankers, going into the cities and towns at later periods and becoming the leading men of the state. They accepted the changed conditions and made the best of them.

But a few there were who could not bring their natures to the subjection of such a change from the wild, free life to the kind that had come to surround them. They were the venturesome spirits of the old Southwest and they could not be tamed. Perhaps there had been a taint of the outlaw in them all along, but it did not come to the surface until occasion called it forth.

Some who had been cowboys in the old days became cattle rustlers and horse thieves under the new order of things. They were the less venturesome ones and many of them never rose above that occupation. Some of these were killed by officers, others were arrested and sent to the penitentiary, while still others were driven from the country. Others who had been cowboys in the early days became outlaws seemingly by a natural transition and

it was from the most daring of these that the gangs which for years terrorized the citizens of Oklahoma and Indian Territories were formed and recruited.

It has been said that the Southwest, especially Oklahoma and Indian Territories, before being opened for settlement, was the hiding place of bad men from all over the country. It was the last of the frontier and the belief that bad men fled into it was true to a great extent. They were the cattle and horse thieves of the territories before the opening. They were bad men and some of them were daring gunmen, but they did not as a rule become noted outlaws at a later time. They remained in the same class in which they had operated before the settlement of the territories, and stole many good horses from the settlers.

Nearly every bandit in the Southwest had been a cowboy before he became a lawbreaker. This is not a reflection on those who used to be cowpunchers, for a large majority of them became good citizens, but the statement is made because it is a fact. After they had committed all their depredations and had been killed or captured it was revealed that they had been cowboys. As cowpunchers they had learned to ride and shoot, and most of them did it well. They were at home in the saddle and in their hands the Winchester was a weapon to be feared. As cowboys they had acquired more of the daredevil spirit than they had originally been endowed with by nature, so when the call came to them to join with other outlaws they were ready.

And they ran their course, one gang after another, but in the end all of them came to grief. The relentless arm of the law reached out for them and took them. Some ran a longer course than others, but in the end all of them came face to face with death, or ended their lives in prison cells.

The main purpose of this book, besides giving a true history of events, is to impress upon its readers, and especially young men and boys, that there is never an inducement for them to become outlaws. From a moral standpoint it is not a course that will be pursued by one who will stop to reason. From a financial standpoint it is not as remunerative an occupation as that of a section hand or day laborer, and in the end it means death or the prison for life.

This is true of those who engage in any kind of crime, whether it be that of train robber, burglar, pickpocket or petty thief. In these pages is told the story of those who tried it and who landed where others will land if they follow the same course. Not one of the outlaws of the Southwest made more than a meager living while he followed a life of crime. Many times they suffered for food and the bare necessities of life. Viewed from the distance of years it may appear to have been picturesque, but in reality it was a life full of terrors and hardships, a mean, low hazardous and sordid way of living.

The officers whose duty it became to break up these gangs of outlaws were also natives of the Southwest. They were used to life in the open and when they went in pursuit of the bandits they

knew they took their lives in their hands. They had to undergo just as many hardships and just as many dangers as the men they pursued, but they had justice and duty on their side. The officers were sent to free the country of outlaws—to wipe out the gangs that infested it, so that it would be a safe place in which to live. It was a war of extermination in which they were engaged, but they won at last. Some lost their lives in the undertaking, but the others went on without faltering. They were stern and relentless men, an unpleasant duty before them and a hard task to perform, but they did it well.

The outlaws could not be driven out, for there was no place for them to go. If they went away for a time it was but to hide until the marshals tired of the search for them and gave up the trail. Then they would return, another daring crime would be committed and the never-ending hunt would be resumed. It was a life filled with dangers by day and by night. There was no way of knowing when they would be ambushed, for the men they pursued were reckless and daredevil. They did not hesitate to kill and many innocent lives were snuffed out by the bandits without any excuse whatever.

How well these marshals did, how many dangers they faced and how at last they accomplished all their country had sent them to do is set out in these pages. In other fields some of these marshals would have risen to high ranks of fame. They would have been known as heroes had they done as much in places where their prowess would have been more widely known. Such bravery as was

shown by them would have been lauded at the time had it been revealed by them.

But they were modest, and when their work was finished they went back to their quiet occupations. Some of them are honored today in the land where they braved so many dangers. Others are dead, and rest in quiet places, forgotten heroes in a land they served so well and for so little praise. Those that are still living are respected among the best citizens of the state, quiet and soft spoken men with nothing about them to indicate that they were the gun fighters with the law on their side in that earlier period.

These men do not boast of the things they have done, yet it is true that they made the Southwest a safe place for honest and law-abiding citizens. They made it a good place in which to live; they went through untold hardships to open the way for a greater and more prosperous population. They wiped out the outlaw and made of him nothing more than a faint memory.

At the same time these marshals, maligned as they were at times and accused of acts they would scorn to commit, were taking part in an object lesson that was for the benefit of all the world. They were giving a living illustration of the fact that honesty is best and that the criminal cannot succeed. "Honesty is the best policy" used to be written in the copybooks, but there are times when it has to be written in letters of blood. This was the task of the marshals, and having been set at the task they did not stop to calculate how difficult it might be, but went about it at once.

## GUNMEN OF THE OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Out of the conditions which prevailed in Oklahoma and Indian Territories soon after the opening came the Dalton gang of outlaws, the first to gain wide notoriety. Readers of newspapers throughout the country will remember much of these desperadoes and their daring operations in the Southwest. They were all plainsmen, all had been cowboys, every man was a daring rider; and they were gunmen of the true Southwestern type. Gunmen of that type were those who shot from the saddle and whose aim was true. They are not to be confused with the thugs known as gunmen in the cities, who clap a revolver to the head of a victim and pull the trigger. The men of the Southwest, outlaws or otherwise, would scorn such methods. They might ambush a victim or kill a marshal from hiding, but they were not to be classed with the lower strata of humanity in the eastern cities.

The Dalton gang committed many robberies and killed a large number of men. Its members became as well known in the Southwest as were the James and Younger brothers in Missouri and other sections where their deeds were committed.

The leader of the gang was Bob Dalton, who was not more than 22 years old when he became an outlaw. He was a smooth-faced, handsome youth and possessed as much daredevil bravery as any man known to the officers as an outlaw. The oth-



BOB DALTON,  
Leader of Dalton Gang.  
Killed October 5, 1892.

THE NEW  
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ers in the gang were Grat Dalton, 30 years old and regarded as being more cautious than the others; Emmett Dalton, at that time a boy of 20, but fully as reckless and daring as the leader; Bill Doolin, who was later to become the leader of a worse and more dangerous gang, but who was not then so well known as the Daltons; Charley Bryant, a Texan of good birth; Oliver Yountis, a bad man who had only a short career as a member of the gang, and later Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell, two cowboys who were always ready to follow their leader in any crime.

These outlaws of the Southwest were not bad men driven out of other states, as has often been asserted, but many of them came of good families. This was true as to the Daltons, at any rate. They were the sons of Lewis and Adeline Dalton, people of known respectability as long as they lived. Lewis Dalton was a Kentuckian and had served through the Mexican war. In 1850 he removed from Kentucky to Jackson county, Missouri, where he settled on a farm and two years later was married to Adeline Younger, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. By no stretch of the imagination could it have been foretold that the sons of these gentle people would later become the principal members of a gang that was to prove itself the worst in depredations the country has ever known.

The parents of the Daltons were not of that class from which desperadoes would be expected to spring. Ten years later, in 1860, the Daltons removed to the neighborhood of Coffeyville, Kansas, where the father had bought a farm. Dalton died

there in 1890 and was buried in the cemetery just west of Coffeyville.

His widow came to Oklahoma and secured a farm near Kingfisher, where she lived for a number of years. Her three oldest sons also located near the same place and remained respectable farmers. Four of the daughters married farmers in Oklahoma and have since lived peaceful and happy lives. Another son, Bill Dalton, went to Montana and then to California, but later returned to Oklahoma and joined the Doolin gang.

Several members of this family were destined to meet violent deaths, the first being Frank Dalton, who was commissioned a deputy United States marshal at Fort Smith in 1884 and very soon, through his operations in the Indian Territory, became known as a brave and trustworthy officer. In 1885 while trying to arrest some horse thieves near Fort Smith, Dalton and his posse engaged in a gun fight with them and Frank Dalton was killed.

Gratton Dalton had been in California, but returned to Oklahoma Territory and after the killing of his brother was commissioned a deputy marshal. He proved to be a good officer during the first few months, but later became reckless and untrustworthy. In company with his brothers, Bob and Emmett, he stole a herd of horses and drove them into Kansas, where they were sold. Bob Dalton, who later became the leader of the outlaw band, also served with his brothers Frank and Gratton, while they were deputy marshals and was with Frank in the gunfight with the horse thieves when Frank Dalton was killed.

Bob Dalton was later commissioned a deputy United States marshal for the federal courts at Fort Smith, Ark., and Wichita, Kan., and he was also chief of police for the Osage Nation a short time. Emmett Dalton lived quietly at home until after the death of his father in 1890, when he started at once on his wild career of crime, which was destined to be of short duration. He soon rivaled his brothers in the use of the six-shooter, for deviltry and for coolness in the midst of a gun fight. He came of a quiet and respectable family, but to all appearances he was born to a life of crime. He was a spectacular, shooting star in the firmament of Southwestern criminals and bad men.

Soon after the theft of the herd of horses, Gratton and Emmett Dalton went to California and early in 1881 were accused of an unsuccessful attempt to rob an express train in Tulare county. The express messenger by his bravery succeeded in driving the robbers away, but the fireman was killed and the Dalton brothers were charged with murder and train robbery. Gratton was tried and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, but escaped before he had been removed from the county jail to the state prison.

Emmett Dalton escaped arrest on the murder and robbery charge and they returned to their old haunts in Oklahoma Territory. At the time of the Coffeyville raid a reward of \$6,000 was outstanding for Emmett and Grat Dalton, offered by the Southern Pacific Railway Company.

The two brothers returned to Oklahoma equipped for outlaw life and were joined immediately by



EMMETT DALTON,

Only living member of Dalton Gang.  
Captured October 5, 1892.

EUE NEW BERRY  
Cedar Rapids

Bob Dalton, young and impulsive, who was to become their leader. The first act to bring them into prominence after the gang had been organized was the robbery of the Santa Fe passenger train at Red Rock in June, 1891. It was not the most daring of their robberies, but it was sufficient to bring them into prominence.

Those who took part in the robbery were Bob, Grat and Emmett Dalton, Bill Doolin, Charley Bryant and Ol Yountis. The train was stopped by flagging and the express and mail cars looted. The passengers were also robbed of their valuables and money.

The hunt for the Daltons began almost at once, but it was not by the men who were afterwards known as the Three Guardsmen, Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen and Heck Thomas.

### THE KILLING OF ED. SHORT.

Soon after the Red Rock robbery Ed Short was commissioned as a marshal and was told to hunt down the Dalton gang. Short was true man and as brave a marshal as ever performed an official act, but at that time perhaps he did not realize the enormity of the task set before him.

Bryant was wounded soon after the robbery of the train at Red Rock and went to the home of a friend at Hennessy for medical treatment. Short located him there and arrested him—got the drop on him and arrested him without a shot being fired. Bryant begged the marshal not to handcuff him and protested that he was already wounded so badly that he could not escape.

Short handcuffed him, however, and the next morning boarded the train for Wichita, where the federal prisoners were taken at that time. When the irons were placed on his wrists Bryant remarked that some time he would kill Short for it. He said no member of the Bryant family had ever been handcuffed and resented the act of the marshal in treating him as a dangerous prisoner. Neither Short nor his prisoner knew this threat was so soon to be carried out.

The officer had learned that just before he captured Bryant other members of the outlaw gang had been with him in his room, and he had reason to believe that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoner. Before the train started he placed Bryant in the express car and gave the messenger the six-shooter he had taken from under the bandit's pillow. Short then went back to the smoker to watch for those who might attempt the rescue.

Soon after Short left the car the messenger sat down at his desk and placed the revolver in a pigeonhole in front of him. While he was busy with his waybills Bryant walked quietly behind him and reaching over his shoulder took the revolver. Just as the train was entering Waukomis the conductor unlocked the door of the express car and was met by Bryant, armed with his own revolver but still handcuffed, and who ordered him to put up his hands.

At the same moment Bryant saw Ed Short coming through the door of the smoker. Taking deliberate aim and holding the revolver in both hands he shot the officer, the bullet striking him in

the breast. Although he was fatally hurt, Short did not stagger. He raised his winchester and shot Bryant through the left shoulder.

Across the narrow platform and standing face to face the two men continued to shoot at each other until they fell. The conductor stood to one side, still holding his hands above his head, and the passengers sought such shelter as they might under the seats of the smoker. As the train stopped at the Waukomis station the dead bandit fell from the train and sprawled upon the depot platform. Short was still gasping for breath and as Conductor Collins raised his head he said:

"I got him, but he got me, too. I want to see mother!"

And so passed out the life of one of the bravest and truest officers that ever fired a shot at a desperado in the Southwest.

### OPERATIONS OF THE DALTONS.

After this time the Dalton gang was hunted more and more, for the Three Guardsmen went on their trail in a short time. Ol Yountis was shot and killed at Orlando by a posse composed of Heck Thomas, Chris Madsen, Tom Houston and Chalk Beeson, sheriff of Ford county, Kansas. Bill Doolin, Yountis and George Newcomb, known among the bandits as Bitter Creek, had robbed the bank at Spearville, in Ford county, in November, 1892. Sheriff Beeson had trailed the robbers into Oklahoma and had located Yountis at Orlando. Going to Guthrie Beeson asked the help of Madsen, then a marshal, and Tom Houston. When they found

Yountis they called on him to surrender, but he opened fire on them and in the fight that followed he was killed.

Two members of the gang had then been killed, but at the cost of the life of one of the bravest among the marshals. The Daltons were still at large, heard of here and there, but never seen by the officers. They had many friends in the Territory, some of them friends from choice and others who were forced to befriend them through fear.

This was only the beginning of the reign of terror which the band inaugurated in the Southwest. They scouted from one section of the country to the other, making long journeys to rob a train in Texas or a bank in Kansas. Sometimes they would be heard of at one place, but the next day they would be miles away. They made long, hard rides, and wherever they went they would be helped by friends. The scattered ranchmen and farmers dared not refuse to befriend them when the request or demand was made. When a season of rest became imperative they retired to one of their hiding places, the most famous of which was a cave that is still in existence and is still known as their former rendezvous.

The train robbery at Red Rock was the one that brought the Daltons into general notice. The Daltons and Doolin were the only men in the Territory at that time who were bold enough for such an undertaking. While it is true that the territory was full of bad men, they were for the most part cattle rustlers and horse thieves. From among them there afterwards developed a few who went



to scouting and became train robbers, but at the time of the Red Rock train robbery they had not yet reached the point where they would attempt such a crime.

It was an ideal country for their operations. Only a few lines of railroad traversed it then. The country was wild and practically uninhabited. After leaving the railroads the bandits were as well hidden as were the robbers of old in the fastness of a wilderness. After they went to scouting the Daltons were seldom seen by those who knew them, or at least by those who would have informed the officers of their whereabouts.

They came into prominence at the Red Rock robbery and established their reputations there. About 9 o'clock on the night of June 1, 1892, Santa Fe passenger train was held up at Red Rock in the Cherokee Strip. The train was stopped and the passengers and crew intimidated by the shots that were fired. The express car was looted and the robbery was over with so quickly that some of those on the train had barely time to realize what had happened. The robbers mounted their horses and rode away, disappearing as they did after every robbery and leaving no trail. After this robbery the Dalton gang began to be heard of more frequently. The next train robbery was in July of the same year, when the Daltons robbed a passenger train on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway near Adair. This robbery also was committed at 9 o'clock at night.

By this time the Daltons were acquiring the boldness that came to them with practice and the

Adair robbery was the most daring of all up to that time. Armed guards and Indian police were in the train when it was held up and they poured a heavy fire upon the robbers, but the Daltons succeeded in carrying away all the valuables and money in the express car. The mail car was also looted in this robbery.

But it was not all done with the neatness of previous robberies, for there was a battle during the entire time the train was being held up. Several of the Indian police and passengers were hurt in this fight, and a physician who lived near Adair, and who was a passenger on the train, was killed by the bandits.

### THE COFFEYVILLE RAID.

These robberies were followed by the famous raid that was made by the Dalton gang on the town of Coffeyville, Kansas, and where the gang was wiped out, with the exception of Bill Doolin, who was prevented by an accident from being present with the others. The raid on Coffeyville was made on October 5, 1892, and the Dalton gang had prepared for it as an army would prepare for a battle. It was to have been their most successful robbery, according to their calculations, but it ended in disaster. The boast had been made by Bob Dalton that the gang would eclipse anything ever accomplished by the James and Younger gangs, and rob two banks the same day. The Coffeyville raid was to have been a demonstration of their ability.



GRAT DALTON.  
Killed October 5, 1892.

THE NEWSPAPER  
1892

It is likely that the bandits intended to retire for a time after the Coffeyville raid, for the marshals were by that time on their trail. The Adair robbery in July, 1892, had fixed their status in the Southwest. Bob and Grat Dalton were recognized at the Adair train robbery. Bob had already become the leader of the gang and was known as the most reckless daredevil among all the outlaws of the Southwest. Some of the bandits had been wounded at the Adair holdup, but how seriously was never known. Between that time and the Coffeyville raid they had recovered, for every man in that famous raid was in fighting condition.

It was as sunny a day as was ever known in southern Kansas, the atmosphere balmy yet bracing—just such a day in October as the people of the Southwest enjoy to the utmost. The first signs of autumn were beginning to show in the color of the leaves, the brown tinge that was being taken on by the grass at the roadside and the leaves that fluttered down from the trees—the early harbingers of fall.

As the morning wore away five men rode into the little city, but they attracted no particular attention at first. Those who saw them noticed without comment that they were mounted on good horses, that they had Mexican saddles and that all their trappings were bright and new. This was not unusual, for cattlemen were coming and going every day. It was not an uncommon sight for men to ride into Coffeyville as these men rode. Any casual observer would have said, had he been asked to

name their occupation, that they were cattlemen following their herds.

From the sides of their saddles hung the ordinary hair covered pockets, and there was no way of knowing that they contained six-shooters. Behind their saddles they carried "slickers" in compact rolls, as was the habit of those who rode the trails. They might have been a marshal and his posse, although no weapons were in sight. Such as they carried, including their Winchesters, were concealed by their coats. They wore the regulation broad brimmed hats of the period, drawn well down over their faces, and they looked straight ahead as they rode quietly into the town.

The leader of the gang, Bob Dalton, wore a heavy false mustache and goatee, which was as good a disguise as he could have chosen, for he grew no beard of his own. Grat Dalton's face was covered by a long, shaggy beard. Emmett Dalton also wore a false beard to conceal his features, while Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers, who rode behind, wore no disguises of any kind, since they were unknown there.

The three men rode at a slow trot along the principal street, the three Daltons abreast and the other two following, until they were within half a block of the square. Then they wheeled to the right and rode half a block, disappearing into an alley where they tied their horses. In a short time they came out afoot on the principal business street of Coffeyville.

Many farmers were in town that day and as the bandits crossed the street many persons looked

at them. Among these observers was a merchant of Coffeyville, who saw at a glance that the men were disguised. There flashed into his mind at once the thought that they were bank robbers, and when three of them entered the Condon bank he felt sure of it.

The three bandits who went into the Condon bank were Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell. At the same moment Bob and Emmett Dalton went into the First National Bank. The man who stood looking at them seemed to realize all at once what was taking place. Unconsciously he had walked down the street and stood looking into the window of the Condon bank. He saw Grat Dalton pointing his revolver at the cashier's head.

### THE DALTON GANG WIPED OUT.

The man who had seen this ran back up the street and shouted to all he saw that the bank was being robbed. Another man had followed the Daltons into the bank and witnessed the holdup, but he was ordered to hold up his hands and was unable to give the alarm.

As soon as the alarm was given it ran like an electric shock up and down the street. "The bank is being robbed!" seemed to throb in the atmosphere. There was a rush for guns and revolvers and in an incredibly short time shots were being fired through the front doors and windows of the two banks at the bandits.

Coolness on the part of the robbers, such as was shown by them at this juncture, was marvelous. There was no panic on their part. With bullets fly-



BILL POWERS.  
Killed October 5, 1892.

THE NEWSPAPER  
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ing all about them they went calmly about receiving the money that was handed out to them. It was placed in the sacks they had brought for the purpose. The bandits worked fast and only a short time was required for them to get the money, but even then the street near the banks were filled with men, many of them armed with Winchesters and some carrying shotguns.

When the three outlaws came out of the Condon bank they were met by a heavy fire from all directions, but they ran out with their Winchesters in their hands and many of those in the streets sought places of safety. The two Daltons had robbed the First National Bank and were ready to leave it at the same time, but when they started out they were met by the crash of falling glass and a rain of bullets. They turned back and made their way from the building through a rear door into the alley, fighting as they ran.

Grat Dalton and the two bandits with him came out at the front door of the Condon bank, but with bullets pattering all about them. One of the robbers was already wounded when they emerged from the bank and blood was dripping from his sleeve. He carried a six-shooter in the other hand and was still as cool as any man in sight.

But there was quick work, for dozens of men were there to receive the robbers when they came out. Within fifteen minutes from the time they entered the banks, four of the outlaws had been shot and the fifth, Emmett Dalton, had been captured, with one bullet through his right arm and another through his left hip.



Emmett Dalton might have escaped, as he had succeeded in mounting his horse after running through the alley with Grat until they came to where their horses were tied, but he deliberately rode back, after having started away, to where his brother lay dying. He reached down, took hold of Grat's hand and tried to raise him to a place on the horse behind. While he was trying to rescue his brother, Emmett Dalton was struck in the back by a heavy charge from a shotgun at close range. He released the dying man's hand, reeled in the saddle and fell to the ground.

Dick Broadwell had reached his horse when the load from a shotgun and a bullet from a Winchester struck him about the same time. Bleeding from these fatal wounds he still clung to the horse, which dashed out and over the road by which the outlaws had entered the town. His dead body was found a little later by the roadside, the faithful horse standing beside it.

Four of the bandits were killed in the fight and four citizens of Coffeyville were dead: They were Lucius M. Baldwin, George B. Cubine, Charles Brown and City Marshal Charles T. Connelly. The bodies of the four dead bandits were taken to the jail where they remained until the mother of the Daltons arrived, accompanied by their two brothers, William and Ben Dalton. When he was recovered sufficiently Emmett Dalton was removed to the jail at Independence.

When quiet was restored it was found that the robbers had taken \$11,000 from the First National Bank and \$20,000 from the Condon bank. All of



DICK BROADWELL.  
Killed October 5, 1892.

THE BROADWELL  
KILLING

this money was returned to the banks with the exception of \$20, which was never found. The Coffeyville raid was as disastrous to the Dalton gang as was the Northfield raid to the Youngers many years before. It was the end of the Dalton gang in the Southwest, but it was not the end of outlaw days. Other were to follow the way they had blazed, but in the end they were destined to meet the same fate. The careers of some were short and lurid. Others scouted longer, but in the end they all fell before the strong arm of the law.

### BILL DOOLIN'S WILD RIDE.

Bill Doolin was a member in good standing of the Dalton gang at the time of the Coffeyville raid, and it was the weariness of his horse and the imperative necessity of having one in perfect physical condition that prevented him from being a participant. Had it not been that his horse became lame, Doolin would have been with the others in the raid, for it was planned to have three men enter each bank, and there is no way of knowing which way the scale would have turned had there been another bandit in the desperate gang. It might have been in their favor, and perhaps, on the other hand, Doolin would have shared the fate of the others had he gone to Coffeyville with them.

But human destiny is hung on such slender threads. Doolin did not join the others in time to go to Coffeyville with them, and fate spared him for five years to commit such deeds of lawless courage and nefarious valor as should gain for him the reputation of being the most notorious gunman in

all the Southwest, a country already known as a land of bad men.

Doolin had been with the Daltons some time before the Coffeyville bank robbery was planned. The day they started to make the raid on the Kansas town he rode with them part of the way toward the place where they were to meet defeat and death. Before they had gone far Doolin's horse became lame and the outlaw was bitterly disappointed, for he wanted to share in the raid which was expected to be the most daring and successful in which the gang had ever engaged.

When his horse went lame Doolin was forced to turn aside and go to the home of a friend, far off the road to Coffeyville, to get a horse that would come up to the requirements of such an undertaking. That was the night before the raid, and he was to meet the other members of the gang at a point near the Kansas town the next morning.

Doolin arrived at the place of meeting, but he was too late. The Daltons had not waited, but had gone on without him. Doolin rode slowly in the direction of Coffeyville, but something seemed to hold him back. In the distance he could see the smoke from the chimneys of the Kansas town and in the sunlight he could see the roofs as he topped a hill, but he did not urge his horse forward as fast as he might have traveled. He lingered by the wayside, waiting for something, he knew not what, and presently he saw in the distance, coming toward him as fast as his horse could travel, a man who was so excited that he could scarcely talk coherently.

The rider tried to tell of what had happened in the streets of Coffeyville, but he could hardly make himself understood. Doolin gathered the facts, however, from his disjointed sentences. When the man rode on Doolin knew the fate of his companions. He knew they had come to the end that somewhere awaited them and into which they knew they must some time ride.

All at once the cowboy-bandit realized his own danger—that his connection with the Dalton gang was suspected and even known to some, and he did not know how soon a posse might come. Then and there Doolin started on a ride that has ever since been the admiration of horsemen in the Southwest. It was a ride for safety by a man who knew that the terror of death lay behind him and who did not know at what instant it might overtake him and seize him in its grasp. It was not the fleeing of a coward, but the rout of a desperado whose companions lay stiff and stark after their defeat.

Doolin was mounted on a superb thoroughbred and he was a fit rider for such an animal. At first his flight was such as the horse could stand easily, while becoming warmed up to the gait he was to travel. Later the animal settled down to the long stride that was to carry the outlaw beyond the reach of danger. Doolin stopped only to give the horse breathing spells and crossed the Territory like a flying wraith, flitting by ranch and farm in the night like a ghostly rider saddled upon the wind, reeling off mile after mile until he reached the old rendezvous of the gang, a cow ranch on the Cimarron twenty-five miles west of Tulsa.

Upon reaching it he knew he was safe, and there he rested, but the fate of the Daltons did not lead him to give up the outlaw life. He might have escaped out of the country then and it would have been possible for him to have turned back to an honest life, but a craving for the outlaw life had seized upon him. Death had no terrors he was not willing to face. He had the dauntless courage that was required of a bandit. He had tasted the fruits of victory in gunfights, he had known the excitement and glow that came in bank and train robberies and he thirsted for the life. Years later he tried to quit and perhaps he would have done so had he not been killed, but hidden there in the ranch house that sheltered him he was all outlaw and threw away the chance to reform.

### GATHERING THE DOOLIN GANG.

Bill Doolin was the illiterate son of Mack Doolin, a poor farmer in Arkansas, on whose farm the boy who was to become a daring and notorious desperado was born. He never had even the advantages of a common school education, although in later years he learned to read and somebody on a ranch taught him to write a little.

After he was grown to manhood Doolin went to Oklahoma to work on a ranch on the Cimarron thirteen miles northeast of now Guthrie, Okla., known as the HX Bar, or Halsell's ranch. At first he was employed as a rail splitter, the product of his toil being used to build cattle corrals. This was seven years before the opening of the Territory to settlement. Later he became a cowboy, a wild



BILL DOOLIN,  
King of Oklahoma Outlaws.  
Killed August 25, 1896.

rider of bucking bronchos and an expert with the lariat and the Winchester.

Doolin had suffered no wrongs to avenge and had no call to be an outlaw aside from that of the daredevil spirit within him. He liked the wild life and he was not warned by the fate of the Daltons. After the death of the other members of the gang he rested for a time at the ranch on the Cimarron and then went to a cave that had been used by the gang. It was in the Creek Nation, fifteen miles east of Ingalls, where he made his headquarters and organized his own gang of desperate men.

This gang was to become more widely known than any that had gone before. Its members were to commit more daring acts of outlawry and they were to run through a longer period than any of the others. Men of murderous inclinations were to be in his company—dangerous desperate and unaccountably reckless, yet Doolin himself was neither bloodthirsty nor murderous and in the years of outlaw life that followed he many times restrained his followers when they would have committed wanton murders.

In the Doolin gang as it was organized was Bill Dalton, one of the Dalton brothers who had not always scouted with the others in their wild days. Another was George Newcomb, known as Bitter Creek, alias Slaughter's Kid, a youth who had grown to manhood in the Cherokee Strip. In his boyhood he had been in the employ of a man named Slaughter, and in that way derived the name of Slaughter's Kid.



George Weightman, who was a notorious horse thief in the early days of the Territory, became the more notorious Red Buck of the Doolin gang, and known to every officer in the Territory. He was arrested early in 1889 by Captain Heck Thomas for horse stealing, convicted, sentenced and sent to the penitentiary, where he remained until 1893. Within thirty days after he was released he had stolen seven horses—seven good saddle horses which he took with him to Ingalls and there joined the Wild Bunch, as the Doolin gang was called at that time.

Another member of the gang was known as Little Bill—a man who came to the Indian Territory from Pennsylvania and was of Dutch ancestry. He was uncommonly intelligent and by far the best educated man among the outlaws. He always rode with Doolin and among the men of the gang was distinguished from the leader by being known as Little Bill. His real name is not used in this book for the reason that he has relatives now living in Oklahoma.

Charley Pierce became a member of the Doolin gang in 1894. He hailed from Texas and was a resident of Pawnee before he became an outlaw. Pierce had brought two running horses with him from the Lone Star state and was generally known as a race horse man. His nature was untamable and he was an ideal character for a Southwestern outlaw. Even among the bandits, noted as they were for recklessness, Pierce was exceedingly wild and only a short time elapsed after he arrived in Oklahoma until he had connected himself with the Wild Bunch.



BILL DALTON,  
Killed in June, 1894.

THE NEW YORK  
Herald

## LITTLE DICK BECOMES AN OUTLAW.

Another famous member of the gang as it was organized by Doolin at the old Dalton cave in the Creek Nation was Dick West, alias Little Dick, who was to carry the roll of outlaw longer than any of the others. West was in reality a remarkable character, although modest and unassuming. He was with the Bill Doolin gang until it was broken up and later, although it was not known by his name, he was the leader of the outlaws known as the Jennings gang.

Little Dick was picked up on the streets of Decatur, Texas, by the foreman of the Three Circle ranch when he was an undersized boy 16 years old, in 1881. He was taken to the ranch in Clay county and worked there until the next spring, when he was employed by Oscar Halsell and went north on the trail with him, bringing up the loose horses. Halsell located with his cattle on the south side of the Cimarron, thirteen miles from the site on which Guthrie now stands, and established the HX Bar ranch there.

West worked on the ranch for Halsell until the opening of the country for settlement in 1889. Up to that time he was an honest, trustworthy cowboy and had no bad habits except those that were common to all the cowpunchers. He would, like the others, gamble his wages away when he went to town, and would also drink and shoot up the place with the rest of them. The HX Bar ranch was abandoned in the spring of 1889 when the country was opened to settlement and it left hundreds of

cowboys out of employment. They lost their occupations by the opening of the country, not only on that ranch, but on many others.

They were young men for the most part and they loved the free life of the open. They wore the jingling spurs, chaps, broad-brimmed hat and belt of the cowpunchers, the six-shooter being suspended from the sagging belt. It was too much to expect of these young men that they would change their occupations at once and follow the plow, breaking up the sod over which they had roamed with so much freedom. Some of them did, it is true, become farmhands, others took claims and became farmers, settling down to an occupation that afterwards made them prosperous and contented. Many others drifted away, to wander no one knows where.

Like many of the others, Little Dick had become far too wild to settle down to such a tame life. He drifted over to the Indian country and worked on cow ranches there until 1893, when he joined the Wild Bunch and became one of the most noted scouts in the Territory.

West was a man of the open road. He was different from most of the outlaws he scouted with and was always for an outdoor life. The others sought warm rooms and good beds when they could be found in bad weather, but Little Dick would lie out in the woods on his saddle blanket. On more than one occasion when the other members of the gang would be surrounded in a ranch house or in some other hiding place, Little Dick would escape

without a fight, for he was outside, 'asleep with the stars for his roof.

Among all the bandits of the Southwest, Little Dick was one of the best among them in the use of the six-shooter. He was a game fighter and the officers pursuing the scouters, with which he trained knew he would never be captured alive, but would die with his boots on.

The other members of the Doolin gang at the time of its organization were Jack Blake, alias Tulsa Jack and Dan Clifton, alias Dynamite Dick. These men gathered from different sections of the Territory and all of them had been cowboys. They still wore the picturesque garb of the ranch riders. Long before they were known to be scouters they were suspected of many lawless deeds, but it paid men of honesty and means to favor them when favors were asked and to know nothing about them when they were questioned by the officers.

Thus the movements of the marshal were known to the outlaws and their efforts to apprehend the bandits were many times prevented by men who had no sympathy for the desperadoes, but who dared not refuse to tell them where the marshals were when they knew, or to hide the robbers when they were pursued. They were forced to shelter the bandits any time they demanded it, for the cattlemen and farmers were at their mercy.

### THE ROSE OF CIMARRON.

It was about this time that the story of the Rose of Cimarron began to be woven into the his-

tory of outlawry as it was represented by the Doolin gang. It was through the acquaintance of the bandits with the settlers that she came to know them, and it is a matter of history that she became enamored of one member of the gang.

It has been many years since these outlaws scouted in Oklahoma and there have been many changes since they rode the range. The girl who fell in love with an outlaw then is today the loved and respected wife of an estimable citizen of the state. She is a respected Christian woman, beloved as a wife and mother and lives in the refined atmosphere of a good home. In this history, therefore, she will be known only as the Rose of Cimarron, as she was known in those wild days.

The minor crimes and robberies charged to the Doolin gang were almost numberless. When these men wanted horses—and they always rode the best—they took them from the farmers of the Territory. They were daring men, but they avoided fights with the marshals whenever it was possible. Sometimes their escapes were almost miraculous, but always they had the help of friends. Men helped them to escape, to hide and to go about in a semblance of freedom, but it was astonishing to the marshals when they learned that the bandits were being helped by one of the most beautiful girls in the Southwest.

The Creek Nation cave, which was the headquarters of the outlaw gang for so long, was near the little town of Ingalls. It was there that the outlaws frequently congregated. They were well known in Ingalls and they had no fear of the citi-

zens there. They had many real friends in the town and those who were not friendly to them from choice were wise enough to say nothing.

It was the fight at Ingalls that marked the beginning of the end for the desperadoes of the Southwest. The Doolin gang had at that time reached the zenith of its success. The members of this gang had robbed many trains and banks in Oklahoma and other sections of the Southwest. They had made the Territory an unsafe place and the settlers were terrorized. The railroads were experiencing a heavy loss on account of the outlaws, for people would not take passage on the trains through the Territory if it could be avoided. Before the Ingalls fight the notorious Doolin gang had climbed to the highest hill of its career, but on that day it went over the divide and was thereafter on the down grade. It was after the Ingalls fight that the Three Guardsmen were sent out after the bandits.

Bill Doolin, Bill Dalton, Bitter Creek and Tulsa Jack had robbed a train at Cimarron, Kansas, on the night of May 28, 1893, and were pursued by officers. They were compelled to fight a number of times on the way back to the Territory and in one of the numerous fights Doolin was shot through the foot by some one in Marshal Chris Madsen's posse. He was taken to a ranch where Arkansas Tom had worked in the Cheyenne country, twenty-five miles southwest of Woodward. The outlaw leader was kept there several days, until the wounded foot was better, after which Arkansas Tom took him to Ingalls.

## THE FIGHT AT INGALLS.

On the first day of September, 1893, Marshals Hixon, James Masterson, Lafe Shadley, Dick Speed and A. H. Houston led a posse to Ingalls for the purpose of capturing if possible the Doolin gang of outlaws. The officers went into the town in farm wagons and did not arouse suspicious. They located themselves at different places to the best advantage and a messenger was sent to Doolin with the request that he surrender. The messenger returned with the information that Doolin refused, and also, that he had bidden the members of the posse go to a warmer climate.

A moment later Winchesters and six-shooters began speeding leaden messengers and the battle of Ingalls was on. The marshals and the outlaws fought through the streets, hiding themselves behind buildings or crouching behind any shelter that could be found. All of them knew it meant a fight to the death.

It was during the fury of the fight that the Rose of Cimarron, with all the coolness of performing an everyday act, did the one thing that made it possible for the outlaws to escape. She was in love with Bitter Creek and she carried the desperado's Winchester to him through the storm of bullets that raked the streets of the little town in a fight such as is known only in the west.

It would have been unsafe for even a small animal to have attempted to cross the street while the fight was going on. A man would not have lived thirty seconds had he exposed himself to sight at



certain stages of the fight. Puffs of smoke could be seen here and there and each meant that a bullet had been sent toward a mark, the intention being that it should carry death with it.

Except for these little smoke wreaths, a stranger riding into Ingalls would have been led to believe that the town was deserted. Perhaps the next moment he would have seen men dash from one place to another, on horseback or afoot, one or more of them reeling drunkenly and falling to the ground. Everywhere he would have heard the keen crack of rifles and revolvers and the singing of bullets that did not hit the mark. Then for a little time all would be still, but the fight would start again as soon as marshal or bandit came in sight.

It was while this was going on that the Rose of Cimarron, the girl who loved a bandit, was as cool as on her calmest day of pleasure. She was in Mrs. Pierces' hotel when she heard the first shots and instantly divined the cause. She ran to his room, saw that her lover's Winchester was there and knew he needed it.

The girl could see that all ordinary means of escape from the hotel were cut off. She could not leave the building by any of the doors, for somewhere a member of the posse would be covering that exit with his rifle in his hand. She could hear the spat of bullets that hit the building and once when she ran into the room occupied by Arkansaw Tom, the bandit who was caught in the hotel, she heard the crash of glass and crockery, for the fire was centered on that room.



ROSE OF THE CIMARRON.

THE NEW YORK  
LITHOGRAPH

The Rose of Cimarron, anxious for the safety of her sweetheart, took Bitter Creek's rifle and ammunition belt, and looking from a second story window of the hotel, saw there was a chance to get out that way. She tore a bed sheet into strips, tied one end about the outlaw's weapon and belt and lowered them to the ground. Then she made strips of other bedclothes, tied one end to a bed post and climbing from the window slid safely to the ground.

The girl must have placed some confidence in the chivalry of the marshals and their posse. She must have believed that they would not shoot a woman, even in the fight that was sparing nobody in sight, but she had no assurance of it. Yet for her lover's sake she took the risk. There was still the danger that a stray bullet would kill her, but she braved the danger for love.

Concealing the rifle and belt as best she could, she gathered her skirts about her and ran through the exposed district, out into the range of spitting weapons of officer and outlaw, flushed and breathless, but unafraid, and carried the weapon to Bitter Creek. He was grievously wounded when she reached him, but she gave the Winchester to another outlaw and it was used by him in the fight.

The Ingalls fight lasted more than an hour and at the end of that time dead men were lying in the street and in the hiding places where they had concealed themselves. Marshals Houston and Speed were killed during that hour of fighting and Marshal Shadley met death a little later.

Tom Jones, known as Arkansas Tom, the bandit who had cared for Doolin at the ranch in the

Cheyenne country when he was wounded, was sick in his room when the fight started. He got out of bed and from the window of his room used his Winchester to the best of his ability. His shots attracted the attention of the marshals to his room and they sent a shower of bullets through the window.

Arkansaw Tom had backed away when he saw he had been noticed, and stood beside a washstand that was sheltered by the wall. As he stood there bullets struck the pitcher and bowl almost simultaneously, shattering them and splashing water upon the man flattened against the wall. He dared not approach the window again and started to leave the room when another bullet from a marshal's rifle crashed into the mirror above the bureau, scattering the broken glass about the apartment.

The outlook for the bandit was hopeless and he fled to the garret, where he punched a hole through the eaves with his rifle and continued to shoot until his ammunition was all gone. He was persuaded by Mrs. Pierce to give himself up to the officers, as the hotel was being riddled with bullets, and he surrendered while the fight was going on, but to the last, as long as there was any chance to fight, he kept snapping his empty weapon, hoping there was still another cartridge left in it.

Bitter Creek was badly wounded in the fight and was put on his horse by the other outlaws. He rode toward the barn where the others had congregated, but fell again outside the back door, too badly hurt to cling to the saddle.



PIERCE and "BITTER CREEK."  
Killed in July, 1895.

The charge of the marshals centered about the barn where the outlaws were hiding, and the front doors were riddled with bullets. Some of the outlaws had already escaped, but others were still in the barn. When the attack was centered on the front of the livery stable one of them started in the direction of the doors with his Winchester in his hands.

"Don't go there," said Doolin. "They'll kill you!"

Doolin picked up his own Winchester and started toward the door. The outlaw who had been called back stood amazed.

"Won't they kill you?" he asked.

"No matter—you stay back," said Doolin.

Doolin and Bill Dalton ran to the front of the barn and fired several shots. They drove back the members of the posse in sight and covered the retreat of the other outlaws, who mounted their horses behind the barn and made their escape from Ingalls.

Bitter Creek was placed on his horse and rode from the back of the barn without being seen. It was while the retreat was being covered by Doolin and Dalton at the front door that Doolin killed Marshal Speed. The first shot he fired at Speed missed, and Dalton, who was looking through a crack in the wall, said to him:

"You missed him, Bill."

Doolin put one knee on the ground and resting his elbow on it, took deliberate aim and fired. The marshal fell dead.

"You got him that time," said Dalton, who was still watching.

Bitter Creek rode away with the others, but near the outskirts of the town fell from his horse and was unable to get on again. The other bandits did not miss him until they had reached the open country, where they had been joined by Doolin and Dalton, who were the last to leave the barn. Dalton had cut a wire fence to let them into a pasture when Bitter Creek was missed, and he turned back without a word to rescue his wounded companion.

Bitter Creek lay helpless by the roadside. Wounded and bleeding, he had tried to drag himself along to a place of safety. As Dalton reached the place where the wounded bandit lay he met Marshal Shadley and others of the posse coming in pursuit. Dalton threw up his Winchester and killed Shadley the first shot, before the marshal could check his horse or draw a weapon. In the same instant Dalton's own horse was killed under him and the outlaw dropped to the ground, rolling over and over until he reached a ditch.

The killing of Shadley stayed the attack of the posse and by the timely arrival of Red Buck and Dynamite Dick the two bandits who were down were enabled to get away. Dynamite Dick led a horse for Dalton and Bitter Creek was placed across his own horse, Red Buck mounting behind him. They fled through the timber out of reach of the shots fired by the posse and gained the outlaw cave with Bitter Creek alive, but suffering intensely from his wounds. Those who escaped alive from the

Ingalls fight were Bill Doolin, Bill Dalton, Bitter Creek, Tulsa Jack, Dynamite Dick and Little Bill.

At the cave they were comparatively safe, though they dared not leave it. They had faithful friends, though, for the beautiful Rose of Cimarron, who was in love with Bitter Creek, carried them the medicine and bandages they needed and kept them informed as to the movements of the marshals.

Not very long after the Ingalls fight the farmers organized to hunt down the men who were stealing their horses. Many of the thefts were charged to the Doolin gang, for they required fresh horses very often, and a large posse of farmers, after one of the raids, trailed the bandits to their canyon camp near Twin Mounds in Payne county. As the farmers approached the desperadoes fired into them, killing Bill Stormer, the leader, and routing the posse without any more fighting.

### DOOLIN'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

It was early in his career as a bandit that Bill Doolin met and fell in love with beautiful Edith Ellsworth, the daughter of a Lawson minister. The girl may have had reason to suspect that he was an outlaw, even at their first meeting, but there was about him a dashing and debonair way that proved attractive to her. Doolin was tall and straight, clean limbed and athletic. His hair was long and wavy and hung in a picturesque mass over his forehead. He was uneducated, but he was young and handsome and there was ever about him the romance of the mysterious. To the preacher's



daughter he must have appeared to be one of nature's noblemen. He was a cowboy, a daring rider, an active man of the open—a product of the great Southwest. Youth pictured him in glowing colors in the mind of the girl and she loved him.

It is not certain that Edith Ellsworth knew, when she first met Doolin, that he was an outlaw, but even when it became known to her that he was the leader of a bandit gang she held to him all the more. Doolin courted her as ardently as any girl was ever courted, and finally won her. While their love affair was progressing Doolin ran more risks of death or capture when he went to visit her than he did in all his subsequent bandit career. Swimming his horse he crossed swollen streams many times to see his sweetheart, and often rode silently through the long night, avoiding the marshals only by the fraction of a minute, to visit the girl he loved. There was a reward of \$5,000 for his capture outstanding at that time.

These two were married, the outlaw and the daughter of a minister of the gospel, in the spring of 1894. It was a strange alliance, it may be said, but love does many strange things. After their marriage Doolin was hunted everywhere by officers, but he still made hazardous journeys that he might be with his beautiful bride a few hours at a time.

After their marriage the girl accepted readily her position as the wife of an outlaw. After he had made a long and dangerous ride to be with her she watched while he slept, sometimes the whole night through. Many times she saved him from

capture or from death, and not once while he lived did her love for her outlaw husband falter. She had married a bandit and a true wife she remained to him to the end. With her it was truly "until death do us part."

The precarious occupation of the outlaws sometimes kept Doolin from his wife for long periods, for it was about this time that the band was most active in its operations. Doolin was prosperous at times, as a result of the robberies, but it was not a prosperity that could be quietly enjoyed.

Once when he returned after a long absence he found that his wife was about to become a mother. Even then he could not remain with her and when next he eluded his pursuers and went to her she was holding their baby boy in her arms. For the first time in years the longing for a peaceful existence seemed to enter the breast of the outlaw. It gripped him with a yearning that finally led him to embark upon such a life, but it is the irony of fate that this good impulse should have led first to his capture and then to his death.

But before he died Doolin was to make a record of crime that would surpass any other outlaw of the Southwest, then a land of many criminals. His acts were to rival those of the James and Younger brothers and he was to reach a pinnacle of notoriety as high as that attained by any other bandit known in American history.

### HUNTING THE DOOLIN GANG.

Things had been going from bad to worse in Oklahoma and Indian Territories, and train robber-

ies had been growing in frequency. The marshals had been unable to break up the Doolin gang, for the bandits were elusive and had friends who hid them and warned them when danger approached.

It was then, after the fight at Ingalls, that United States Marshal Nix sent the Three Guardsmen out on the trail of the bandits. These three were Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen and Heck Thomas and they led many a fight against the outlaws, trailed them over miles and miles of trackless territory and kept up the hunt until the last one was dead or behind prison bars.

These three encountered many dangers and endured hardships without number, but through it all they were quiet, cool-headed and unassuming. The courage they possessed, however, would have made Shermans or Sheridans of them had they lived in an earlier day. They trailed the outlaws into remote hiding places in the forests of the Osage Nation, sometimes into the fastnesses of the Wichita mountains, and at other times they went after them in a long and dangerous pursuit across the wide expanse.

After they had been given the government's permission the marshals fitted out two wagons and equipped extra saddle horses on Tilghman's farm in Lincoln county. Then they went in pursuit of the Doolin gang of outlaws. They had learned that one of the hiding places of the bandits was the old Rock Fort on Deer Creek in Payne county. It was the meeting place of many bad characters as well as of the Doolin outlaws. The hunters of men started for the place at once.

On the way to the Rock Fort they met by chance one of the girls later identified with the gang, but who was not then known to have any connection with Doolin's men. The marshals made some casual inquiry of her concerning the passing of strange men and the girl gave evasive and unsatisfactory answers.

Although it was not known to the marshals at the time, the girl was Cattle Annie, one of those who helped to keep the desperadoes informed about the movements of the officers. This girl sent a messenger at once to the hiding place of the gang. The message was relayed several times before it reached the outlaws, but it warned them that the marshals were after them. On the final stretch a rider was sent to tell the outlaws of the approach of the marshals. The bandits vanished at once from the district, scattering abroad and meeting again by appointment at a hiding place that was unknown to the marshals. Thus the officers always found difficulty in tracing them, for the bandits were warned in advance of their approach.

Not knowing that the bandits had been warned, the marshals went on to the Rock Fort and surrounded the place. At a favorably moment they went in, only to find that the outlaws were gone and that five men not wanted by them were in the place. These five men were known as cattle thieves, but they were not the men for whom the marshals were searching.

The marshals were thwarted, but they were not discouraged. They could learn nothing from the owners of the ranch, who perhaps knew nothing to

tell, but they took up the trail again and went to Ingalls, where they learned of the direction that had been taken by the outlaws.

A pursuit that would have made thrilling reading in a border novel followed the Rocky Fort disappointment, for the marshals were determined and relentless. Marshal Nix, backed by the government had set them at the task of capturing or killing the bandits, and they had determined that they would not fail. They were plainsmen, accustomed to outdoor life and experienced in the use of the Winchester and six-shooter; and they had the means at hand to prosecute the pursuit.

Sometimes they were only a few hours behind the fugitives, but it was difficult to make rapid progress on the right trail, because so many of those they questioned were afraid to give any information about the Doolin gang. They dared not tell what they knew. This made the halts of the posse much more frequent than otherwise would have been necessary, and even then the information obtained in many instances was not reliable.

A day or two after they had started on the trail the posse stopped for dinner at the home of an Indian. There they made inquiries about the outlaws and found that they had preceded them the previous evening. The outlaws had told the Indian that a second party would come along in a few hours and pay him for the meals they had eaten. This was a practical joke of the outlaws, and it also indicated that they knew the marshals were on their trail.

## THE SOUTHWEST CITY RAID.

The Doolin gang next went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where the members were searching for prospects. There they found several banks with tempting piles of money heaped on the counters and had nearly decided upon the robbery of one bank when Little Dick, who was scouting for the bunch, turned a corner and came upon a policeman standing on the sidewalk.

One of the outlaws recognized the policeman as a famous gunfighter of the Southwest. His reputation for bravery and for accuracy with a revolver was so well established that it probably saved Hot Springs from a bank robbery that day. The policeman had not always been a man in a blue uniform. Out in the open he had made a reputation for being deadly with a six-shooter, and after seeing him the Doolin outlaws set out for other fields.

From Hot Springs they went to Southwest City, Missouri, where on May 20, 1894, was one of the most notorious bank robberies committed by this gang. It came near being a repetition of the Coffeyville raid, but it was not as disastrous to the outlaws. After they had robbed the bank the bandits were forced to fight every foot of the way to freedom, citizens and officers uniting to kill or capture them. Former State Auditor Seaborn, one of the foremost citizens of the state, was killed by the robbers. He was shot to death by Little Bill and in the same fight Bill Doolin was wounded in the forehead by buckshot.

When the robbers came out of the bank they were met by shots from such weapons as the citizens could gather when they learned that the bank was being robbed. J. C. Seaborn and his brother, hearing the unusual noise, ran out to learn the cause. The brother of the former state auditor was the most exposed of the two and as Little Bill rode by he had a revolver in each hand and was firing at those on the sidewalk who seemed likely to offer resistance. He sent a bullet in the direction of the two men, which went through the body of one, but not in a vital place, and killed the other.

The fight was kept up until the robbers reached their horses and mounting them under a heavy fire rode out of town. They went across the Cherokee and Creek Nations and back into Oklahoma, where they were soon hidden away in the old haunts.

The next exploit of the robbers was in Texas, where they looted a bank and took \$50,000 in unsigned bank notes. The bandits had never before seen any money of that kind and only Little Bill, who had some experience in the business world, knew the money could not be passed without the signatures of the bank officials.

Then the reign of terror in the Territories was resumed. Little Bill and George Newcomb, alias Bitter Creek, went to Woodward on one of the boldest and most daring expeditions ever recorded in the annals of frontier crime. They tied their horses at the stock yards, waited for nightfall and then went to the home of the station agent, who was also the agent of the Wells-Fargo express com-

pany. They had information about a shipment of money that had been made by express.

They captured the agent and compelled him to go to the station with them. At the muzzle of a Winchester they compelled him to open the safe, from which they took express packages containing \$6,500, received that day for delivery to a cattleman.

It is supposed that this sum was divided among the other bandits, but Little Bill and Bitter Creek must have received the largest share of it. They went to the World's Fair at Chicago on the proceeds of this daring robbery, it was learned afterwards. When Little Bill was shot by Marshal Tilghman in the duel in the cattle corral he had two fine revolvers which he had bought during his visit to Chicago.

During all this time the marshals knew they were being prevented from capturing the outlaws by information given to the Doolin gang by some cattlemen and others who found it to their interest to remain on friendly terms with the desperadoes. One case of that kind was brought to light when a cattleman named Isaacs sent a large shipment of cattle to Kansas City and planned with the help of the bandits to swindle the express company. Isaacs did not take the outlaws into his confidence, however, and it was his intention to double-cross them as well as the express company.

The cattle were shipped from Canadian and Isaacs went with them to Kansas City. It was not known at the time, but he was paid in cash for the shipment. He had previously let it be known, in a place where he knew the outlaws would get the



information, that a shipment of \$5,000 would be made by express at a certain time. Then he sent by express a bundle of worthless paper about as large in bulk as the currency would have been, and awaited results.

Isaacs believed that if the plan worked out well the train on which the package was sent would be held up and the express car would be robbed. The holdup was attempted, but the outlaws had waited until the package supposed to contain the money had reached the depot at Canadian City.

In the meantime the marshals were active and with the help of Sheriff McGee prepared to protect the depot. When the members of the Doolin gang appeared there was a hard fight at the little station and Sheriff McGee was shot to death. The bandits were driven away and then it was found that the package which Isaacs had shipped as \$5,000 contained only worthless paper. Some time afterwards Isaacs was charged with this offense and convicted of an attempt to swindle the express company.

### GIRL BANDITS IN DOOLIN'S GANG.

Other outlaws in the gang besides Bill Doolin had their sweethearts, but among them all there was not another such tragic story as that of Doolin and the girl he married. The admiration for members of the outlaw gang affected several women and girls in the Territory, probably due to the reputed bravery of the outlaws. It might have been on account of the love women are said to have for

a fighting man, and again it might have been due in part to a morbid sentiment.

Among those involved was a girl known as Cattle Annie, who was only eighteen years old when she became the sweetheart of one of the outlaws. The girl was the daughter of a respectable farmer and met the bandit at a country dance. A girl known as Little Breeches was another—a girl of seventeen who had imbibed much of the outlaw spirit when she was captured. These two followed the outlaws, sheltered them when they could and acted as spies for them.

The girl bandits eventually became very troublesome to the marshals, for they interfered greatly in their efforts to trail the Doolin gang. The girls were as active as the bandits themselves and horse stealing was charged against them on several occasions. They were assistants, informants and supply carriers for the Doolin gang for a considerable period before they were caught.

Marshals Tilghman and Burke heard of the two girl bandits and that they were stopping at one of their hold outs and went there to capture them. They found the girls, where they had taken refuge. Upon learning of the approach of the officers, the girls tried to make a get away. Burke ran around the house and remained outside and Tilghman went in, expecting a warm reception, for the girls were armed and it was known that they would shoot. Cattle Annie leaped from a window. She was caught by Burke and attempted to draw her revolver as she fell, but the marshal got her too quickly. Little Breeches escaped and



"CATTLE ANNIE" and "LITTLE BREECHES."  
The Girl Outlaws,  
Sent to Farmington, Mass., Reform School in 1894.

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gave the officers a long chase. She fired over her shoulder at them as she fled, but her aim was not good and her shots did not take effect. Marshal Tilghman finally shot the horse the girl was riding and horse and rider came to the ground in a crash. Little Breeches fought wildly, but was soon captured and the two were taken to jail.

These girls were products of the Southwest as it existed then. They were rare exceptions, it is true, but they were the results of environment. Since childhood they had associated with the rough men of the country, and without proper guidance. While they were little more than children they had become acquainted with the outlaws and not much time was required for them to graduate into that class.

Both Cattle Annie and Little Breeches were tried before Judge A. G. C. Bierer of the Fourth Judicial District of Oklahoma Territory on the charge of stealing horses and sent to a reformatory at Farmington, Mass. To the last the girls gloried in their connection with the outlaw gang, and this was especially apparent during their trial. While they never rode with the bandits on their raids, they would have done so later had they not been caught before they reached that stage. Nothing was ever heard of them again after they were sent to the reform school and it is not likely that they ever returned to the Southwest. By the time they were liberated from the reform school the Doolin gang had been broken up.

## TILGHMAN IN THE BANDITS' DUGOUT.

It was in January, 1895, while still on the trail of the bandits that Marshal Tilghman had a thrilling adventure at the Rock Fort, in which he came near losing his life. It was on this occasion that Bill Doolin, the man who was hunted, saved the life of the man who was hunting him.

Tilghman and Neal Brown left Guthrie in a covered wagon with two saddle horses tied behind. They had with them a camping outfit and a month's supply of food. It was their intention to arrest a ranch owner suspected of cattle stealing, related to the ranchmen who harbored the bandits and known to be in possession of information as to their hiding places. The ranchman was under the charge of having stolen thirty-five head of cattle from an old cattleman near Muskogee. The intention of Marshal Tilghman was, however, to secure from the ranchman some definite information that would lead to successfully surprising and capturing the outlaws.

The officers came in sight of the Rock Fort ranch on a cold day when a biting wind was blowing. Snow lay a foot deep on the ground and the sky was overcast. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon it was almost as dark as at twilight and a worse storm was threatening.

Tilghman saw that smoke was curling above the chimney of the dugout occupied by the ranchmen as they stopped in front of the door. Nobody was to be seen outside and except for the smoke there was no indication that the place was occupied.

No horses were in sight and there was nothing else visible to lead the officers to suspect that the bandits were in the dugout. Tilghman alighted and leaving his Winchester in the wagon, walked down the steps and pushed open the door.

At one end of the room a fire of blackjack logs roared cheerfully in the wide fireplace. On both sides of the big room were tiers of bunks, enough of them to bed comfortably fifteen or twenty persons, but they were hung with curtains and there was no way of knowing whether they were occupied or empty. Nobody was in sight except one of the ranchers, who sat hunched in a chair before the huge fireplace with a Winchester across his knee. He was surly and uncivil and when Tilghman made some inquiries about another ranchman, the replies were given in a way calculated to impart as little information as possible. The marshal made a mental picture of the room as he looked it over.

"I just happened to be passing along this way with my fighting dog and and thought maybe I could get Bill to match a fight," Tilghman said, speaking carelessly. "He told me awhile back that he thought his dog could whip mine," he added.

Tilghman was cold from riding in the wind and walking to the fireplace, turned his back to it. As he did so the sight that met his eyes caused every muscle in his body to stiffen. From every bunk the muzzle of a gun had been shoved out, just a little way, but Tilghman knew that behind those bristling weapons were ready hands and gleaming eyes that held a bead on his body. There was no sound except the wind outside as it swept

over the bleak scene, heaping the drifting snow deeper and deeper against the side of the lonely dugout.

But there was not the quiver of an eyelash to indicate to those behind the curtains that the marshal knew they were there, or that he expected to be shot to death the next instant. He talked on to the surly ranchman by the fireplace without the slightest shaking of his voice.

"I guess I better be going on," he said, after a time, still speaking carelessly. "Which way does a fellow get out of here?" he asked, moving toward the door, and the ranchman replied: "The same damned way he gets in."

Tilghman walked with a steady stride between the two rows of Winchesters straight to the door, which he opened calmly, and started out slowly, without having shown a tremor. Then he went to where the Indian guide sat in the wagon.

"Drive ahead, but not too fast," he said to his companion. "The dugout is full of outlaws."

It was learned later that eight of the most desperate bandits in the territory were in the bunks when Tilghman visited the dugout. It was several months before even Tilghman himself realized the great danger in which he had unwittingly placed himself. It was after he had arrested the ranchman charged with cattle stealing that he learned of what had taken place in the dugout the stormy night when he stumbled into it alone.

All the members of the Doolin gang were hidden in the Rock Fort dugout the night Tilghman went there. Among them were Bill Doolin, Red



GEORGE WAIGHTMAN,  
Alias "Red Buck," the Killer.  
Killed March 15, 1896.

THE NEW YORK  
JOURNAL



Buck, Dynamite Dick, Charley Pierce, Tulsa Jack and Little Bill. Every man in the dugout knew Tilghman and they all recognized his voice as soon as he spoke.

There in the dark, with only the flickering firelight showing where he stood, the bandits had trained their weapons on the officer until they were sure he was alone and that it was not to be a raid. One of the outlaws was determined to kill Tilghman and the reason he did not shoot while the marshal stood by the fireplace has never been known.

It was Red Buck who wanted to kill the marshal, and as Tilghman was leaving the place the desperado was retrained by force to prevent him from shooting. As Tilghman went through the door Red Buck would have shot him in the back had he not been restrained. Doolin and the ranchman held him.

"Bill Tilghman is too good a man to be shot in the back," Doolin said, as Red Buck struggled toward the door, determined to follow Tilghman outside and kill him. He would have shot the officer as he went up the steps had the others not held him. The ranchman helped to hold the frenzied outlaw, who was raving and weeping with rage. The ranchman said there should be no killing in or about the dugout.

"If you shoot Tilghman there'll be a hundred men here before morning," he told the enraged bandit. "This place would be dynamited until the last man was dead."

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Red Buck cared nothing about death, however, and would have followed Tilghman after the wagon had driven away had not the others restrained him by force.

"You're a lot of cowards," he shouted in his rage. "I'll tell you what will happen to us—Tilghman will be back here before sunrise with a big posse and we'll be trapped like rats. Now what are you going to do about it?"

The ranchman advised the bandits to leave the dugout at once, fearing an attack later in the night. The outlaws were worn and fatigued with hard riding, for they had come a long way that day. They needed the rest and comfort they had found in the dugout, but they knew it would be unsafe to stay. So out into the night they went, into a blinding snowstorm. They saddled their horses and rode away to seek shelter elsewhere, Red Buck still snarling in a towering rage.

### THE BANDITS BITE THE DUST.

Each member of the Doolin gang met a tragic fate, as did every desperado in the Southwest. A study of the early history of Oklahoma shows convincing proof that the life of an outlaw was then, as it is now, one of hardships and terrors. It bears not the slightest resemblance to the life of a hero, but is one of sordid crime, beset by dangers on every hand and ending at last in death or a prison cell.

Bill Dalton was among the first of the Doolin gang to go to his reward. He had found a hiding place in a deserted ranch house thirty-five miles west of Ardmore where his wife and family met

him and remained with him for a time. His wife and another woman went to Ardmore one day in June, 1894, to get groceries and supplies, and their visit led up to the event that ended in Dalton's death.

By a chance the government officers were in Ardmore that day to watch a consignment of whiskey that had been sent by express, and when Mrs. Dalton and her neighbor called for the liquor they were arrested. The identity of the bandit's wife was not known until she was arraigned in court, where she was recognized, and then the officers learned the whereabouts of her husband.

The marshals saddled their horses and rode out to Dalton's hiding place, but he saw them while they were trying to surround the ranch house. The bandit leaped from a window on the east side of the house and as he did so Marshal Loss Hart fired a shot from a Winchester that killed him instantly. The death of the last Dalton bandit was not thrilling, for only the one shot was fired and the outlaw did not try to fight the posse surrounding him. The body of the dead desperado was hauled to Ardmore in a wagon, where it was delivered to his wife for burial.

Jack Blake, known among his companions as Tulsa Jack, was the first of the Doolin gang to meet death. He was killed May 5, 1895, following the hold up of a Rock Island train at Dover, Oklahoma.

Marshal Chris Madsen, who was stationed at El Reno, had been notified by telegraph of the robbery at Dover, and immediately gathered a posse to go in pursuit of the outlaws. Madsen



TULSA JACK.  
Killed May 5, 1895.

took with him Deputies Prater, Eichoff, Morris, William Banks and two Indian scouts. The posse came within sight of the bandits at a ford on the Cimarron and a running fight followed.

The pursuit of the outlaws led over the sand-hills and it was there that Tulsa Jack was killed. Charley Pierce was wounded in the fight and three horses were shot dead under their riders. Little Bill, Red Buck, Bitter Creek and Pierce escaped with two horses and the next day Red Buck devilishly and deliberately murdered in cold blood a preacher whose horse he was taking from him.

In July, 1895, Charley Pierce and Bitter Creek met tragic deaths at the hands of two ranchmen known to them and also to the officers. Marshals Tilghman and Heck Thomas had arranged with the ranchmen to inform them when the desperadoes were to be at the Rock Fort, as this ranch was known. The officers were there at twilight, but went away a short distance, when it was nearly time for Pierce and Bitter Creek to return.

The bandits were a long time coming, but they did not suspect that a trap had been laid for them. No signal was given the marshals as the night wore away, but after several hours they heard shots at the Rock Fort and hurrying to the place found Pierce and Bitter Creek dead, with the ranchmen standing over them.

The two outlaws had come expecting to find shelter at the Rock Fort ranch. They put their horses in the stable and walked toward the gate, unsuspecting and not on guard. On each side of the gate stood a ranchman with a shotgun in his hands.

As the bandits approached the ranchmen fired and Pierce and Bitter Creek were killed instantly. A second shot went through the soles of their shoes as they lay dead on the ground.

### THE CAPTURE OF LITTLE BILL

Little Bill was in the fight with the others at the sandhills and escaped unhurt, but on September 7, 1895, he was desperately wounded in a duel with Marshal Tilghman, who captured the outlaw. Tilghman went on the hunt for this bandit, armed with six shooters and a double-barrel shotgun. Little Bill was hiding out in the hills during daylight and at night would go to a small log house on the Sam Moore ranch twenty-five miles northeast of Pawhuska in the Osage Nation. The gang was scattered then, awaiting the call to gather for another robbery. Tilghman went to the ranch and entered the cattle corral to await the desperado's coming.

In the dusk of evening Little Bill returned to Moore's for supper. He put his horse in the corral and started to walk through it, going in the direction of the ranch house. As he was about to pass, Tilghman stepped out and called to him:

"Throw up your hands, Bill!"

Little Bill's hands did not go up, but instead he jerked a six-shooter from his belt and fired at the officer. They were only a short distance apart, but Little Bill missed. Tilghman was just as quick with the shotgun and both weapons were discharged at the same instant. Marshal Tilghman fired one barrel and followed it with another shot a second later. Little Bill was almost fatally hurt, but he



LITTLE BILL.  
Captured September 7, 1895.

THE ASSOCIATED  
PRESS

stood on his feet and continued to shoot. He wavered as the last shots were fired, but not until his six-shooter was empty did he pitch forward on his face, his body pierced by half a dozen bullets.

When men from the ranch house came out it was not believed that the bandit could live, and he was carried into the stable to die. He was a game fighter with a gun and he was game in the fight for life. He was taken by wagon to Elgin, Kansas, where he was given surgical treatment and where he partially recovered. After a short time he was removed to the jail at Guthrie, still unable to walk and having to be carried on a stretcher. He was tried for train robbery at Kingfisher, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the federal prison at Columbus, Ohio. Little Bill was prosecuted by Thomas McMechan, afterwards a state senator in Oklahoma, and Charles West, who later became attorney general of the state, was clerk of the court in which the bandit was tried.

Little Bill suffered from locomotor ataxia on account of his wounds, and before he had served out his sentence was granted a pardon. He returned to Oklahoma, married and lived several years, but was always a cripple, and his death resulted finally from the wounds he had received in the duel in the cattle corral.

On March 15, 1896, the officers chased the notorious Red Buck to a dugout near Arapaho and after they had surrounded it called on him to surrender. Red Buck was game like the others and fought to the last. He was shot and killed as he was trying to get away.



## DOOLIN'S EFFORTS TO REFORM.

It may seem strange that Bill Doolin, leader of the band that had terrorized the Southwest for so long, had the desire to quit such a life and become a peaceful citizen, but it is believed by those who knew him best that such a desire entered his breast. At any rate he made two efforts to get away from the scene of his crimes, taking his wife and baby with him, and the love he had for these two may have awakened such a desire in him. His followers were dead, however, when he made the start to get away, and the marshals were hot on his trail.

After Doolin's marriage to Edith Ellsworth, daughter of a Lawson preacher, he took his young wife away to a safe hiding place where he knew they would be secure from pursuers. He had wooed the girl under the most trying circumstances. Many times he had risked his life to make a short visit to the house where he knew she would be staying. On many occasions he had crossed swollen streams to see her, swimming his horse and braving dangers from which other men would have turned back. After their marriage their honeymoon was spent in a quiet place and they were undisturbed.

But the call of the wild life was heard by the outlaw even while he was with his bride, and he took her back to her father's home. Then he rejoined the band and fled from the officers who were so relentlessly on his trail. At that time heavy rewards were offered for Doolin, dead or alive, but he led his followers in the raids and guided them when they ran to cover.

It was not until after their baby was born that Doolin was moved to abandon the wild life of an outlaw. He had been able to visit his wife and child at less frequent intervals, for the marshals were looking for him every time he came out of hiding. Finally he said farewell to the other members of the band and made the first move toward living an honest life, taking his wife and child with him into a country where he was unknown. At least that is what he had in mind to do.

Loading their household goods into a covered wagon, on the back of which were tied a chicken coop and a plow, Doolin set out with his family for the West. Exposure had brought rheumatism upon him and that may have had something to do with his determination to quit the life of an outlaw. When all was ready the wagon moved away with the bandit and his little family, precisely like hundreds of others that moved through the Southwest at that period.

The first camp was pitched at Burden, Kansas, and there the leader of the outlaw band might have remained in seclusion for months or for years had it not been for one small circumstance. Mrs. Doolin was acquainted with Mrs. Pierce, the woman who kept the hotel at Ingalls. The bandit's wife had left at the hotel a ring that had been given to her by her husband when they were sweethearts, and she wrote to Mrs. Pierce, asking that it be sent to her.

## THE CAPTURE OF DOOLIN.

In December, 1895, the whereabouts of Doolin became known to Marshal Tilghman through a letter written by the bandit's wife. Taking two men with him he went to Burden and for six weeks watched for Doolin. The bandit's wife was kept under surveillance the entire time, but not once did she indicate by act or word the whereabouts of her husband.

Tilghman finally learned that Doolin was at Eureka Springs, taking the baths for rheumatism. Tilghman arrayed himself in the clothing of a city man, discarding the dress of a frontiersman, and went at once to Eureka Springs. It was the first time in his life the officer had ever worn a "swallow tail" coat and high hat, and it was a complete disguise for him.

Upon his arrival in the town Tilghman left his valise and shotgun at a hotel and went in search of the outlaw. Walking into the parlor of the bath house, Tilghman saw the bandit seated in a corner of the room with a newspaper in his hands, his position being such that he could see every person entering.

Doolin saw the officer come in, saw him walk the length of the room and pass through a door at the rear, but did not recognize Tilghman in the long coat and high hat. The marshal needed only one glance at Doolin to know he had found the man he wanted.

After ordering a bath prepared, Tilghman turned suddenly and entered the room where the

outlaw was seated. He whipped out his revolver and shoving the muzzle against the bandit, ordered him to throw up his hands. Doolin jumped to his feet and reached for his own weapon, which he carried in a scabbard under his left arm.

Then there followed a scene which made history for the Southwest. As Doolin reached for his revolver, Tilghman tried to seize him by the wrist, but missed it and caught his coat sleeve. They struggled about the room, Doolin making every effort to reach his six-shooter and Tilghman holding to his sleeve with one hand while in the other he held the revolver with which he could have killed the bandit in an instant by simply pressing the trigger. The sleeve was torn in the scuffle and with every jerk Doolin gave it the cloth ripped more and his hand came a little nearer to the deadly six-shooter he could use so well.

Others in the room had fled at the sight of Tilghman's revolver and in the belief that there would soon be a killing. Time after time Tilghman pressed the revolver against the breast of the struggling outlaw and it would have been an easy matter for him to pull the trigger and end the struggle, but he remembered the scene in the Rock Fort dugout where Doolin had saved his life by preventing Red Buck from shooting him in the back.

"Don't make me kill you, Bill," Tilghman said as they panted and struggled about the room. Doolin looked into the cold, gray eyes of the marshal and read determination there. Then his arm fell and Tilghman called the proprietor of the place and

bade him remove the outlaw's weapon from under his arm. The trembling man secured the weapon and Tilghman took possession of it.

Later the officer took Doolin to a bank where the bandit had some money on deposit under an assumed name, and it was withdrawn. Then they went to the outlaw's room in the hotel to pack his effects. The marshal and the outlaw, he had captured worked together putting the things into Doolin's handbag. Tilghman picked up a little mug, and stood looking at it, wondering why it was in the room of the outlaw.

"I bought that for my baby boy," Doolin said.

"Are you thinking of your baby now?" asked Tilghman.

"Yes," said the bandit.

The two men stood looking at each other and tears came into the eyes of the marshal who, of all the men sent in search of them, was known as the most relentless hunter of bandits.

"Your heart's in the right place, Bill," he said to the outlaw, "I'll see that the baby gets the mug."

### DOOLIN'S ESCAPE FROM JAIL.

The taking of Bill Doolin alive was heralded as the most daring capture that was ever made in the Southwest, for the outlaw was the most dangerous of all the desperadoes. Tilghman took the prisoner to Guthrie without handcuffs, Doolin having promised that he would not try to escape and Tilghman having told him that if he tried it he would be killed.

The capture of Doolin was an event that stirred the country far and near. Guthrie was filled to overflowing when Tilghman returned with the bandit and Doolin was greeted warmly by many who knew his reputation. The bandit was lionized, but among the more thoughtful the officer who had taken him alive and who had risked his own life in the adventure because he did not want to kill the bandit who had once favored him, was given the credit due him for such a daring deed.

Doolin's rheumatism grew worse in the jail and he was given the liberty of the corridors. It was not long until he had planned a way of escape, which he carried into successful execution, emptying the jail at the same time of all the prisoners who desired to escape.

On the evening of July 5, 1896, two guards appeared at the corridor gate of the jail to lock the prisoners in their cells. It was their custom for one to remain on guard at the corridor door while the other man, who would leave his weapons outside, went in to lock the cell doors. This precaution was taken so that there would be no possibility of a desperate prisoner taking a guard's weapon from him.

On this occasion Doolin had the help of a negro prisoner, who approached the outer door and reached through the bars for a drink of water. Doolin was lounging near and sprang with all his strength against the door. It had not been locked, and swung open against the guard, throwing him to the floor. In an instant Doolin was through the door and upon him and had taken the two revolvers away from

him. The guard was bound and gagged, after which the bandit went inside the jail, captured the unarmed guard there, locked the two in a cell and then liberated all the prisoners.

Before they left the jail a fight took place between two of the prisoners and Doolin covered the aggressor with a revolver, coolly informing him that another move of that kind meant death for him. The prisoners were led to the foot of the outside stairway and were there told that they could go in any direction they desired.

The escaped bandit walked down the railroad track a considerable distance and turned out upon a country road. It was near midnight. There he met a young man and a girl returning to the city in a buggy drawn by a good horse. The outlaw stopped them, told them to walk home, and taking the rig himself, drove rapidly away. After traveling several miles he unhitched the horse, left the buggy standing by the side of the road and mounting the horse galloped away. He reached Arkansas and found friends there who sheltered him.

### DOOLIN KILLED BY HECK THOMAS AND POSSE.

Love for his wife and baby drew the outlaw to them again, however, and this time to his death. He knew Oklahoma was an unsafe place for him, for the officers were watchful and the rewards were still standing. Caution would have caused him to stay out of the Territory, but he braved all the dangers and went to his wife and baby. A sec-

ond time it was his aim to flee the country, and he determined to take wife and baby with him.

Doolin's wife had returned to the home of her father near Lawson and there the outlaw went to them. Again the covered wagon was loaded and they made ready for the journey that was to end in safety for the bandit who was willing to quit. They loaded the wagon at night, working hurriedly and fearing discovery. It was a moonlight night and Doolin's intention was to drive away before morning, his destination being unknown. Before they were ready to start the wife of the bandit told him she feared their movements had been watched, and that his presence there was known, for she had seen boys about the place while they were loading.

At last the wagon was loaded and at 11 o'clock everything was ready. Doolin was to go down the road to a spring half a mile away, where he would be joined by his wife and baby in the covered wagon a little later.

The outlaw, leading his horse, slung a Winchester across his arm and walked down the moonlit road. Five hundred yards he had traveled when a man stepped out into the open road and called upon him to surrender. The man was Marshal Heck Thomas and the call was the call of death.

Doolin did not speak a word, but fired at the man in the road, and Thomas fired about the same time. They were only about fifty feet apart, and Doolin missed. Thomas had used a shotgun and the bandit fell with twenty-one buckshot in his body. Thomas walked up to where he fell, holding



his six-shooter in his hand ready for instant use, but the outlaw was dead.

Icy fear clutched the heart of the woman back in the wagon when she heard the shots, so close together that they sounded like only one. The other members of the posse gathered about the dead outlaw, and looking up the road saw that the woman had snatched up her baby and was running toward them. They tried mercifully to shield the body of her dead husband from her sight, but she pushed them aside and kneeling beside the body wailed in the agony of a broken heart. Bill Doolin was an outlaw and a robber, but he was enshrined in the heart of the woman he loved.

The body was placed in a wagon and taken to Guthrie, the second arrival being far different from the first, when Tilghman took him back alive. Thousands viewed the body at the morgue and it was identified by the bullet Doolin had carried in his head since the day he was shot at the bank raid in Southwest City. Later when the bandit was buried there was an immense throng present to witness the last scene.

### ORGANIZING THE JENNINGS GANG.

With the death of the leader the Doolin gang was broken up, the manner in which the others met death having already been told. One dangerous member was left, however, in the person of Dick West, known as Little Dick, the cowboy who had been brought into the country by a cattleman. In August, 1897, he organized the band known later as the Jennings gang, at Tecumseh, and was in

reality leader of it. The gang consisted of himself, Morris and Pat O'Malley, brothers, and Al and Frank Jennings. The Jennings brothers were living at that time in Tecumseh, Pottawatomie county. While their reputations were bad among the officers, their names had not been connected with any specific offense and in official parlance "there were no warrants out for them." They were accordingly unmolested and free to come and go as they pleased.

This gang struck west from Tecumseh on August 18, 1897, and was accused of an attempt to rob the Santa Fe passenger train at Edmond. The robbers hid at the water tank and when the train was ready to start they boarded the blind baggage. Covering the engineer, they compelled him to run the train a mile down the track and stop where an extra man was holding their horses. There they battered on the door of the express car and called the messenger to open it, but he refused. In the excitement they had forgotten to capture the conductor, and he came toward them with a lantern in his hand. For all the robbers knew he might have had a Winchester, too.

"What are you doing there?" he called. The train robbers, whoever they were, gave proof that they were only amateurs, for they hurriedly mounted their horses and rode away.

Two weeks later they attempted a train hold-up at Bond Switch, twenty-seven miles south of Muskogee, by putting a pile of ties on the track of the M., K. & T., but the engineer of the passenger train ran through the obstruction at full speed. Abandoning this locality, they struck west and were



DICK WEST, Alias "LITTLE DICK."  
Killed April 7, 1898.

THE OREGONIAN  
APRIL 10, 1898

believed by the officers to be the perpetrators of the attempt on the southbound Santa Fe passenger train at Purcell.

At this time all the express matter was transferred at Purcell and that offered a favorable chance for its seizure. The night watchman in making his rounds through the railway yards discovered five men hiding behind a box car near the station. As he approached they ran around the car and disappeared, but he saw that they had guns and heard the jingle of their spurs. He reported to the agent that he believed they were intending to rob the station, and the latter promptly telephoned to the city marshal, who came down at once with a posse of ten or twelve men. As they walked about on the platform in the glare of the light they must have been plainly visible to the would-be robbers, who slipped away as silently as they had come.

If the affair had not thus been nipped untimely, it is probable that a lively scene would have ensued. The United States marshal's office had received information that a hold-up had been planned at Purcell and Marshals Tilghman and Thomas with a posse were on the train, the former lying in the tender on the coal, the latter and his assistants riding in the express car.

Next a report was received that the Jennings gang was preparing to rob a bank at Minco, but when President Campbell received a telegram from Tilghman to that effect he employed a number of cowboys to guard the bank. A member of the gang was sent to reconnoiter, and when he reported to the others the attempt was abandoned.

By that time the members of the gang were fairly desperate, being penniless and having only occasional meals, such as they could commandeer at the scattered ranch houses. It was a precarious way of living, but to attempt another train holdup seemed out of the question, for the marshals were very active. The Rock Island had been running special guards on its night trains for several weeks and no effort was made to rob any of them.

### THE ROCK ISLAND ROBBERY.

There being no chance to holdup a train at night, the Jennings gang finally decided to attempt one in daylight. About 11 o'clock on the forenoon of Oct. 1, 1897, five masked men rode up to where a section gang was at work on the Rock Island track five miles south of Minco, and eight miles north of Chickasha. They compelled the section men to flag the passenger train due at that hour, hiding themselves in the brush near by, where they held their guns pointed at the frightened laborers. As the train came to a stop one of the bandits leaped into the engine cab where he covered the engineer and fireman, while another went back to terrorize the trainmen and passengers. The others went to the express car, but the messenger convinced them that he was unable to open the through safe.

The outlaws resorted to dynamite, but had not prepared the "soup" as yeggmen use it. Placing a stick of dynamite on the large safe they put the small safe on top of it and lighted the fuse. The explosion that followed splintered the car. The small safe was blown off, but the large one stood

in the midst of the wreck unharmed. Then the robbers discovered that they had left their unused sticks of dynamite in the car and that the whole supply had exploded at once.

After that the passengers were lined up against the fence on the right of way and while two of the bandits covered them with revolvers the others went down the line collecting watches, jewelry and pocketbooks. The robbery netted the bandits between \$300 and \$400 in cash and a number of good watches, among them being one taken from Conductor Dan Dacy.

Ordering the passengers to return to the train, the bandits went to the mail car, but found nothing there they wanted to take. They took from the wrecked expressed car a jug of whisky and a bunch of bananas and rode off toward the west.

Conductor Dacy recognized Al Jennings, whose mask slipped off. All the trainment afterwards described Little Dick as the leader and gave an accurate description of the pony he was riding—a round bellied white pony. This description afterwards led to the finding of Little Dick and his death at the hands of the officers.

When the train reached Chickasha a posse was started from there in pursuit of the outlaws, and at the same time another started from El Reno. It was believed that the bandits would head for the Wichita mountains, but as this was in the Indian country and sparsely settled it was impossible to get news of them. Others believed they would make for their holdouts in Pottawatomie county, or toward the Spike S. ranch, and plans were made

to head them off. The Santa Fe carried a posse composed of Marshals Thomas, Tilghman and others in a special car, taking their horses also, and ran them quickly to Shawnee. There the men in the posse scattered and watched all the roads and bridges.

But the outlaws had taken another route to the Spike S. ranch. They rode westward for a time, and after making a dinner off the bananas, circled to the northward and stopped at the farm of a man they knew. Frank and Al Jennings went to see a friend in El Reno, but returned to the farm, where the gang remained all that night and the next day.

The following night they rode to a holdout on the Cottonwood fifteen miles southwest of Guthrie, where they divided the loot and remained two days. After leaving this place they crossed the Cimarron, turned eastward along the river and reached the Spike S. ranch. That was on the 7th or 8th of October and the career of the Jennings gang was already nearing its close. Less than two months later four of them were in jail and within five months Little Dick was killed in a gunfight with the officers.

Only one more exploit is recorded of this gang. The bandits had been without money before the robbery of the Rock Island train and picking the passengers had netted them barely \$60 each. They were soon in a deplorable condition again. Their clothes were in tatters and they did not present a picturesque appearance as bandits.

At that time Cushing was a small town of five hundred or six hundred inhabitants. A young man

named Lee Nutter kept a general store there and the members of the gang decided to raid it. They went at night, and waking Nutter told him they wanted burial clothes for a man who had died. When he opened the door they held him up, taking such clothing as they needed and a small sum of money.

The members of the Jennings gang had been scouting since the robbery of the Rock Island train, sometimes separated and sometimes together, but everywhere the officers were searching for them. Little Dick quit the gang soon after the Rock Island robbery and never rejoined it. Bud Ledbetter, the foremost marshal of the eastern district, had taken the trail with a posse of picked men. He enlisted Sam Baker, at whose place the members of the Jennings gang sometimes stopped, and Baker went over and met one member of the gang in a graveyard at Tecumseh, his mission being to lure them back into Ledbetter's district with the tale of the big Indian payment that was to be transported across the country.

On November 29 Marshal Ledbetter, with a posse of five, Payton Talbott, Lon Lewis, John McClanahan and Joe Thompson, with Thompson's 16-year-old son, arrived in the vicinity of Red Hereford's place on the close trail of the bandits. They sent the boy to the house to borrow an iron wedge and he returned with the information that the gang was there.

Nearly a mile of open prairie lay between the officers and the house and it was necessary to make a detour of nearly three miles in order to approach



near enough for a surprise. The men in the posse had to go on foot, so they left their horses in the timber. As they approached the house Ledbetter went to the top of a small knoll and was chagrined to see the mess wagon of the bandits driving away in the direction of the place where the horses of the posse were tied. Behind the wagon rode a horseman, recognized by Ledbetter as Al Jennings.

Ledbetter felt sure that the other members of the gang had already gone, so with his men he returned to their horses, fearing the outlaws would see them and take them along. This they would have done had they followed the road, but they turned off on another trail. Ledbetter and his men mounted their horses and followed, trailing the bandits in the direction of the Spike S. ranch. The officers stopped at the home of a farmer named Kelly and sent over to the ranch to investigate. Having made sure that the bandits were there, the posse waited until 4 o'clock the next morning and then went over to the ranch.

### THE FIGHT AT THE RANCH HOUSE.

It was bitterly cold, with the fierce wind which sweeps from the Arctic wastes to the Rio Grande in unspent fury driving across the wide spaces, buffeting those who fled and choking those who attempted to face it. As the officers approached an object loomed before them in the dim starlight and the soft champ of feeding horses sounded clear in the frosty air. It was the camp wagon of the bandits, located about three hundred yards from the ranch house, and the horses were tied around it. As he peered into the wagon Ledbetter saw a

man's hand outlined against the opening as he raised it to push back one of the nosing horses.

Thrusting his Winchester against the man in the wagon, the marshal told him to climb out and keep still. He was willing to surrender, but persisted in talking loudly until Ledbetter threatened to brain him with his gun. They took the prisoner to the big ranch barn, where he was hog tied and left in a stall. The officers searched the place and in the loft found bedding and blankets enough for a dozen men, but no bandits were there. Neither was anyone in the harness room below, but the saddles were there and in the stalls were the bandits' horses. Convinced that the men they sought were in the house, the possemen waited until daylight.

In the early dawn Clarence Inscoe, a brother of Mrs. Harless, came out to feed the stock. He was promptly captured and tied. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Harless herself came out. On being questioned by Marshall Ledbetter she admitted that the Jennings gang was in the house. She was sent back to convey the information that the place was surrounded and that there was no chance of escape. The woman was instructed to tell the bandits that if they wanted to surrender they were to come out to the barn with their hands up and that they would not be hurt.

In case they refused to surrender, the marshal told Mrs. Harless to take the hired girl with her and go to the graveyard near by. This would be a sign for them to open fire on the house. In the meanwhile he had posted his men. At the barn,

which was northeast of the house, he left one man to guard the prisoners and one to shoot.

Directly north of the house and close to it stood a log cabin with a stone chimney. Ledbetter and Peyton Talbott took positions there, one behind the chimney and one in the corner. Thompson and the boy were placed in a thicket to the northwest, from which they fired only two shots. Jake Elliott was put behind a stone wall near the barn and he and Lewis at the barn were the only ones able to see the outlaws as they escaped, or to know when they left the house.

### THE JENNINGS GANG ESCAPES.

The officers opened fire before the women reached the graveyard and for five minutes the outlaws stood their ground and gave battle. A well directed shot toward the thicket caused Thompson to cease firing. Lewis at the barn was unable to get a good range on the door or windows. Ledbetter and Talbott, both crack shots, poured such a hail of lead into the ranch house that in five minutes the bandits found the place untenable and opening the back door they fled through the orchard.

Al Jennings fired one shot from behind the house. Lon Lewis from the barn fired a charge from a shotgun that riddled Frank Jennings' clothes, but did him no serious harm. Jake Elliott, who had been placed behind the stone wall, had a shell stuck in his gun the first shot he fired and was still vainly endeavoring to extract it when he saw them run out. Why he did not inform the others has always been a mystery. Ledbetter and Talbott continued

to pump lead into the house for ten minutes, but at length, as no more shots were fired in return, Ledbetter called out to the others:

"Come on. I guess they must all be dead in there."

"They're gone!" yelled the man by the stone wall. "Four of them ran out through the orchard ten minutes ago."

The things Ledbetter said are too warm to be recorded. Leading the posse he trailed the outlaws a long distance, but lost them in the brush thickets of Snake Creek. He went back to the ranch, gathered up the saddles of the outlaws and taking their horses and camping outfit, removed the prisoners to Muskogee. Before leaving the officers made a search of the house. Two piles of shells showed where Frank Jennings and Pat O'Malley had stood while they fired at the officers. Marshal Ledbetter afterwards made the statement that Frank Jennings and Pat O'Malley made a good fight until O'Malley was wounded. Morris O'Malley was sick and apparently took no part in the affray. In another part of the house the officers found one empty shell and half a dozen loaded cartridges. The man who stood there had evidently been so excited that he had pumped his gun nearly empty without firing it more than once. This shell and the cartridges were for a Marlin 38-55, which was found with Al Jennings when he was captured five days later. Pat O'Malley and Frank Jennings were both armed with 40-72 Winchesters.

The outlaws made their escape into the timber and brush, crossed the creek and struck for the

hills. Pat O'Malley was badly wounded. A Winchester bullet had flattened in passing through the walls of the house and cut a great curving gash in the muscles of his leg a little above the knee. It was more like a knife wound than that made by a bullet. Al Jennings had been hit by a bullet that passed almost in front of him, making a slight wound in both legs just above the knees. Frank Jennings, who was the target for the charge from Lewis' shotgun, had his clothes riddled with bullets, but he was unharmed.

Toward evening the fugitive bandits met two Euchee Indian boys in a wagon. They took possession of the outfit and drove south toward Okmulgee. After hiding in the brush all the next day, they went at night to the house of a friend, who lived near Checotah, and not very far from Baker's. Their road led by a country store as they went to Price's house and as it was after midnight they expected to find it deserted.

Some men were assembled there—a dozen or more of the toughest characters, horse thieves and a killer or two, but they made no effort to capture the wounded bandits. Had they known of the rewards offered by the railroad and express companies they would not have risked arrest to capture and deliver the outlaws. Therefore the members of the Jennings gang were permitted to buy their supplies and depart in peace. They reached their friend's place and let the Indian boys go, after which they sent word to Sam Baker to come and get them, for they did not want to remain at their hiding place.

Ledbetter had returned to Muskogee and had told Baker to locate the bandits again, so when Baker received word that they were at Price's he set out at once with a wagon and took them to the home of a relative near by. That was on December 5, four days after the fight at the Spike S. ranch. Baker then telegraphed to Marshal Ledbetter that the bandits were there. The marshal hastened to a place nearby and was soon in communication with Baker. Under his instructions Baker put the Jennings brothers and Pat O'Malley into a covered wagon and started with them to an appointed place. Morris O'Malley rode behind with Baker and returned home with him to watch for officers, intending to join the others later. Little Dick, who slept out of doors most of the time, had become suspicious and left the others before the fight took place at the Spike S. ranch.

Baker and Morris O'Malley turned back when the wagon carrying the other outlaws was half a mile from Rock Creek, where there was a crossing. The bank was high and a deep cut had been made leading down to the stream from each side. Across this cut the posse had felled a tree in such a way that it would be impossible for the wagon to pass. The outlaws could not escape to the brush from the deep cut—they were trapped where they would either have to fight or surrender.

Marshal Ledbetter had made a bet that he could take the bandits single handed, so the others in the posse were given orders to hide and they were not to shoot unless he fired.

## JENNINGS GANG IS CAPTURED.

In a little while the wagon carrying the bandits jolted along the frozen road, across the stream and to a point where the horses breasted the fallen tree. At that instant the outlaws found themselves facing Marshal Ledbetter's Winchester and heard his command to surrender. All of them promptly put up their hands and Al Jennings, who was lying in the back of the wagon on some quilts, came out and surrendered.

After taking their guns Ledbetter placed the prisoners in charge of members of the posse and they were taken on toward Muskogee. Then with Peyton Talbott and one other man he went back to Baker's to get Morris O'Malley. In the meantime a younger brother of the O'Malley's had arrived at Baker's in the night with two stolen horses for Pat and Morris. As he was going to the barn he was met by Talbott and his companion, who arrested him in the belief that he was Morris O'Malley. Ledbetter went on to the house, but as he entered Baker came out and as he passed him said:

"Look out. They've got the wrong man. Morris is in the east room.

When Ledbetter entered the room Morris O'Malley had been asleep and was wildly trying to pull on a pair of boys' boots two sizes too small for him. He surrendered without any resistance. The O'Malley boy who had stolen the horses was released on his promise to return the animals to the owner and go home and be good. He kept his



AL JENNINGS.

THE OREGONIAN  
2.3.1911



promise at the time, but later was arrested and convicted on another charge.

This was on December 6, four months after the Edmond train holdup, which was the first in which the Jennings-O'Malley gang was accused of taking part, and all but one member of the gang had been landed in jail and their careers as outlaws ended.

Al J. Jennings was tried and convicted of assault with intent to kill and robbing the United States mail. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at Leavenworth on the first charge and given a life sentence in the Ohio penitentiary on the second charge. Sentence was pronounced on him June 4, 1898. Through the efforts of Judge Amos A. Ewing his life sentence was commuted to five years on June 23, 1900, as shown by the following letter from Al Jennings:

Columbus, O., 7/5/1900.

"Judge Amos Ewing, Kingfisher, Okla.

"Dear Judge: On 28th ult. I received official notice of the commutation of my sentence from "life" to five years, "with all due allowance for good conduct," dated from the 17th day of February, 1899. There are many friends to whom I feel deeply grateful and desire to extend them my SINCERE THANKS and LIFE long obligations; but it is to you, dear friend, that I feel most grateful of all; in fact mere words are inadequate to express the deep feeling for your generous and loyal assistance in my behalf. I realize, Judge, all that you have had to contend with, and the many obstacles that must have been thrown in your way; that you overcame them and have succeeded is now a realized fact, for

which I again thank you, and all who so ably assisted me. I hope, in future years, to prove how sincerely I appreciate all that has been done.

Very truly yours,

AL. J. JENNINGS."

He was taken to the penitentiary at Leavenworth to serve the five-year sentence. Later he was released from Leavenworth prison on a writ of habeas corpus and went to Lawton, where he began to practice law. He later removed to Oklahoma City and in 1910 was a candidate for county attorney, but was defeated. In 1914 he was a candidate for nomination for governor, but was again defeated.

The recommendation of the attorney general in the case of Al Jennings says: "The petitioner was released from prison on November 13, 1902, and if the uncontradicted statements contained in the papers filed with his petition are true, during the four years and three months which have since elapsed, he has been a good citizen and a useful member of society. While it may be doubted whether he has, on the whole, been adequately punished for the very grave crimes of which he was guilty, I think that, under the circumstances, his civil rights ought to be restored and I so recommend." On February 7, 1907, the pardon was granted to restore to Jennings his civil rights.

Frank Jennings and the O'Malleys were sent to the Leavenworth prison to serve five years each for robbing the mail. They served their sentences and Frank Jennings returned to Oklahoma, his civil

rights have been restored and he has since been a good citizen.

### KILLING OF LITTLE DICK.

Little Dick had left the Jennings-O'Malley gang before the fight at the Spike S. ranch. Learning of the capture of the others he went to the home of a friend in the north part of Lincoln county and stayed there until Christmas day, when he went up on Thompson Creek, fifteen miles southwest of Guthrie.

Marshals Tilghman and Thomas and a posse located him there and rounded up the place on the night of January 1, 1898, but found that he had left the night before and had gone over on Turkey Creek in Kingfisher county. So the officers missed him on that occasion. In a few days he returned and was told that the officers had been looking for him.

"I'll just fool them a trip," he said. "They think they have me scared out of the country and will be looking for me away off, but I'll just go down to Fitzgerald's and hole up there until spring."

Fitzgerald lived five miles southwest of Guthrie. Little Dick went over to his place and visited back and forth between there and Herman Arnett's, who lived half a mile away. Mrs. Arnett was visiting a neighbor one day when she remarked that a friend of her husband's was visiting them and she was afraid he would get Herman into trouble, as the officers had been looking for him in January. This neighbor woman told Mrs. Hart, the wife of the district clerk, what Mrs. Arnett had told her.



HENRY STARR.  
Captured March 27, 1915.

THE N.  
G.M.

In that way Tilghman learned that Little Dick was hiding close to town.

On the morning of April 7 Marshals Tilghman and Thomas, Sheriff Rhinehart and Bill Fossett went out to Arnett's place. As they approached the orchard they saw Little Dick currying a horse back of the barn. He saw the officers at the same time and gamely prepared to put up as good a fight as he could against the odds. They called to him to surrender, but he replied with a six-shooter in each hand.

The officers fired several shots at him and one bullet hit him as he was stooping, going in at the hip and coming out at the shoulder. He straightened up, jumped high in the air and fell dead. Little Dick was a game fighter and one of the few men in the Southwest who could shoot accurately with a gun in each hand.

### HENRY STARR:

Henry Starr was born at Fort Gibson, I. T., December 2, 1873. His father was George Starr, known as Hop Starr, and was a half-breed Cherokee Indian, and his mother was one-quarter Cherokee. Henry Starr grew up in the Cherokee Nation and at the age of 16 became a cowboy. He has many times made the statement that being arrested by deputy marshals for offenses he did not commit drove him to adopt the life he has lived.

Starr's first notable act was the killing of Floyd Wilson, a railroad detective, in 1893, near Lenapah in the Cherokee Nation. Starr and Wilson rode up to each other on the road and fought a duel to the

death. Starr proved to be the best shot and Wilson fell.

It may be said of Starr that he was most successful in all his undertakings. When only a youth he became known as a dead shot with the Winchester and six-shooter. He has been arrested many times for bank robberies and when convicted became such a model prisoner that in a short time he always secured a pardon.

Starr was arrested with Kid Wilson at Colorado Springs and taken back to Fort Smith, Ark., where they were tried in the federal court for the many crimes they were alleged to have committed in that state. They were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the federal prison at Columbus, Ohio, for a term of twenty-four years. Through the influence of his mother Starr was pardoned by President Roosevelt. He returned to the Indian Territory, married and for several years engaged in the real estate business in Tulsa.

A conviction for bank robbery in Colorado followed after Starr had become convinced that he was about to be taken back to Arkansas for a second trial, but he was paroled and returned to Oklahoma. The last affair in which he was engaged was a successful raid on the two banks at Stroud, Oklahoma, on the morning of March 27, 1915, where he led a gang of men recruited in the state. He was shot by Paul Curry as he and his companions were leaving the town and his hip was shattered. His capture was effected after he was wounded and he was taken to the county jail at Chandler.



PAUL CURRY.

## PAUL CURRY, THE YOUNG HERO.

Paul Curry, eighteen years old, is the son of L. W. Curry, who conducts a grocery store in Stroud, Oklahoma. It happened that this youth, who made no claims to being an expert in the use of firearms, brought about the capture of the last of Oklahoma's Outlaws.

Paul Curry was on the streets in Stroud when Henry Starr and his outlaw band robbed the Stroud National Bank and The First National Bank, on the morning of March 27, 1915. As Starr and his confederates were leaving the banks and driving the terrorized bankers and their clerks ahead of them, young Curry saw one of the citizens run into a grocery store with a gun in his hand. Curry followed him in and said: "If you are not going to shoot with that gun, give it to me and let me do some shooting." Procuring the gun, he ran to the back end of the store and taking a position behind some barrels opened fire on Starr and his bunch as they were going from the banks they had just robbed to a point where they had left their horses, just south of the railroad tracks.

The first shot fired by young Curry downed Henry Starr, the bullet shattering the bone of his left leg just below the hip joint. He then reloaded the chamber of his gun and as he peeped around the corner of the store he saw Lewis Estus coming back to help Starr. He then fired at Estus. The bullet struck him in the neck, shattering his collar bone and passing through his left shoulder. Estus wheeled and ran to his horse, mounted and rode out of



town about one mile and a half, but becoming weak from loss of blood he fell from his horse and was soon found by a posse of deputy sheriffs who were following the robbers.

Paul Curry immediately wired Governor Williams the following telegram: "Stroud, Oklahoma, March 27, 1915. Governor Robert L. Williams, Oklahoma City, Okla. Both the Bank of Stroud and the First National Bank were robbed by Henry Starr and bunch. I shot Starr through the leg and captured him. I also shot one other robber and he was captured. Will hold for your disposal and claim reward. Respectfully, Paul Curry."

The reward of \$1,000 will be paid to the youth. The money he says will be used to pay for an education.

The remarkable coolness and bravery displayed by this inexperienced youth enabled him to effect the most noted capture made in Oklahoma for a number of years. He was the hero of the day and received congratulatory telegrams from a great many prominent citizens of the state.

But the real bandits were wiped out in the Southwest long ago—they bit the dust or were sent to prison for life. Today the state is as safe as any in the union. Its people are prosperous and happy, no longer terrorized by the gangs that once put such a blot upon its fair name. Herein has been told the history of some of those who flourished for a time as outlaws, but they were not heroes. They lived sordid lives, their days and nights filled with fear, and at last the strong arm of the law reached out and found every one of them.







"Cattle Annie" and "Little Breeches,"  
The Girl Outlaws.